ROYAL MORGANATIC WIFE SCANDAL.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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HER BEST BOY.

Modern Man

No. 216. Week ending December 21. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

Our Frontispiece.

Like the Lancashire Lass famed in song, the girl on our front cover is "fair and pretty." Likewise she is a very sensible girl too. You see whom she has chosen for her "best boy"? *Modern Man.* She could not have a better one.

In her gay moments, *Modern Man* will laugh and joke with her; when her thoughts turn for a while to the more serious things of life, her literary "best boy" will discourse entertainingly on the subjects nearest to her mind. Then he will show her pictures that will amuse her, tell her stories that will thrill her with interest. *Modern Man* is certainly the best boy of the family.

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Truth About Dublin's Crown Jewels.

After a lapse of nearly five-and-a-half years, a contemporary declares that it is in a position to state that the Dublin Crown Jewels, stolen—or rather "abstracted"—on the 5th of July, 1907, were replaced within six weeks of that date. Similar statements have been made from time to time by various papers, but in each case an official denial has been prompt. In the last case, again, the statement has been denied officially.

All this sort of thing is intensely irritating. The British public has a right to know the true facts of this scandal—for it is nothing less—and on behalf of the nation *Modern Man* insists that the affair be thoroughly thrashed out before Parliament without further delay.

* * *

Questions that Can't be Answered.

The Bishop of London said at Westminster Abbey that three "dark problems of the world" had just been brought before him. "Why should a man be suddenly struck blind?" "Why should a clergyman's wife who longed to work by her husband's side be stricken with illness for twenty years?" "Why should a poor girl who came to London to earn an honest living find it scarcely possible to pay her way?"

We will propound a fourth puzzler: "What's the use of asking or repeating questions that neither the Bishop of London nor anybody else can answer?" There are things we dont' know and can't know, and nothing is lost by saying so.

"The mistletoe, which is a common parasite on the apple, is rarely if ever found growing naturally on the pear," says Sir H. Veitch. At this season of the year he will find a good many pairs under the mistletoe.

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Husbands as Bachelors.

Mr. Hamilton, of the Divorce Law Reform Union, declares that it is comparatively a common thing for married men to pose as bachelors, for reasons that are not very far to seek.

Bachelors are so much more interesting to hostesses than married men are, because so much more interesting to their unmarried lady guests in particular, and all their lady guests in general.

The consequence is that a bachelor, or a man believed to be a bachelor, gets invited out more than a benedict, and receives more attention in all sorts of ways. For one thing, he is regarded as more flirtable.

Fashion and custom having enjoined the ring for wives for countless years, it is a little significant that the idea of a wedding ring for husbands, often mooted, has never caught on.

* * *

An Octogenarian on Longevity.

By inference, the lively and high-spirited Sir George Birdwood, who has just trotted past his eightieth milestone in the best of form and fettle, shows his contempt for the cranks and faddists who insist that the only way to live long is to live up to a cast-iron lot of regulations and deprivations that make life not worth living at all.

In lieu of rule and regimen, "don't think about your health," says Sir George; "enjoy yourself as much as possible; ignore dietary tables; eat whenever you feel inclined; learn by experience what suits you. Moderation in all things is the best of rules. Be happy! Look on the bright side of things. That will do you more good than medicine."

Hearty, hale and alert at eighty, the preceptor does credit to his own precepts. "In my experience," adds this grand old optimist, "the British race is growing healthier every generation. I am firmly convinced we are the healthiest civilised race in the world."

* * *

Jacks-in-Office.

The clerk and eleven roadmen of the Congleton (Cheshire) Rural Council asked for a rise. The clerk urged that his work had enormously increased during his period of service—twenty-one years at £60 a year.

A Councillor named Simms moved "that in future any official of the Council who applied for an increase in salary should accompany the application with his resignation"—and this egregious resolution was actually carried by thirteen votes to six.

It seems to us that the most desirable of all resignations would be that of Simms and the twelve other Jacks-in-office who made fools of themselves with him.

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The Pankhurst Gang.

The she-fiends who were found guilty of the Suffragette outrages at Aberdeen were first rewarded and encouraged by the infliction of preposterously and iniquitously light sentences, and then released as soon as they tried on the hunger-strike dodge. The pillar-box and other crimes continue all over the country. The rampant figure of Mrs. Pankhurst makes itself more conspicuous than ever.

This vitriolic virago declares that "militancy" is to go on. She defies everything and everybody, even (in the fresh spasm of mock heroics) the hangman.

Never was leniency more misplaced that when extended to women of her class, and to the offenders who follow their lead and share the shame they are all too shameless to feel for themselves.

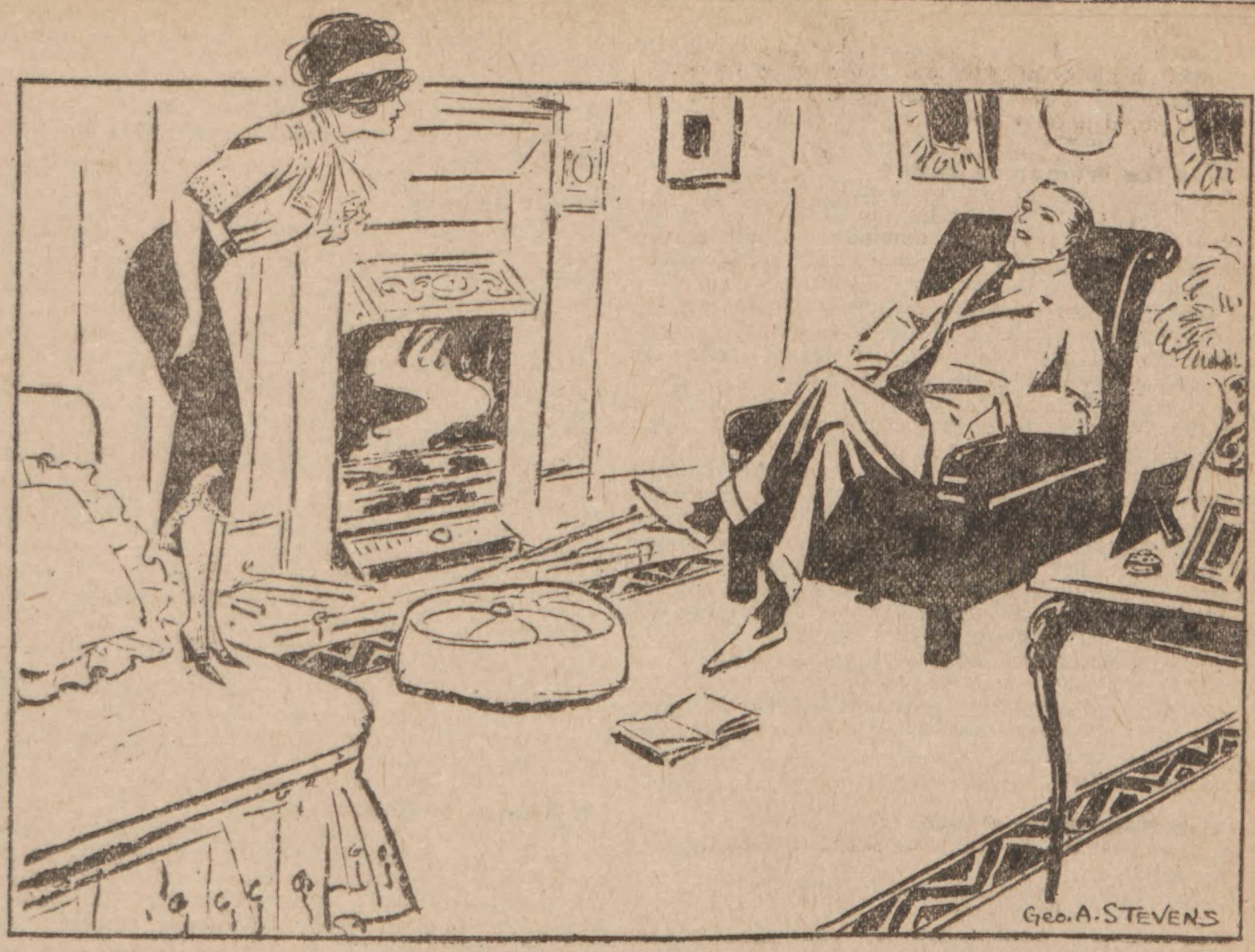
* * *

Mormons on the Prowl.

Modern Man is keen on religious toleration in the very broadest sense of the term, and its attitude towards Mormonism would be a very different one if Mormonism were merely an eccentric form of faith, instead of the unclean thing we have revealed it to be in much of its native horror.

Its pestilent missionaries have been busy lately in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, crawling and creeping from door to door after the manner of their kind. The best antidote to the pernicious "literature" they leave behind them wherever they go has been provided in our own columns.

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS ABSOLUTELY FREE.



THAT AWFUL MOUSE.

Mr. Lloyd George's latest campaign is to "burst" the present land system. So far, he has made everything except the earth quake.

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White Slaves in New York.

It is only fair to Americans to recall the fact that three years ago they started in New York as stout a fight against the White Slave Traffic as we are putting up now. They had just the same horrors to face as we have, and much the same difficulties.

While the measure of their success is disappointing, it must not be regarded as discouraging, for the American reformers have had, and have still, to suffer from a coalition that is impossible and unthinkable among ourselves. We mean the unholy alliance between agents of the traffickers and corrupt politicians and corrupt political parties.

The White Slave evil is international and universal. It flourishes alike in the old world and the new. Universal international co-operation would do more in one year towards stamping it out than the efforts of any one country in many years.

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So much harm is done in the dentistry world by quack competition that it is not every L.D.S. who makes much £ s. d.

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A Suspicious Case.

The sham nurse is not unfamiliar as a peril to morality; the "British Journal of Nursing" tells of a real nurse who seems to have had a narrow escape from a peril against which all professional nurses should be warned.

A few weeks ago a well-groomed and well-spoken man applied at the offices of the Registered Nurses' Society for the immediate services of a nurse to attend his brother, who had met with an accident. He wanted to drive one off with him at once. This he could not do, none living on the premises, and none being available at the moment. In order that one might be sent as soon as possible, the secretary asked for the name and address of the patient to whom she was to go. These being supplied, he communicated with a nurse at her own residence, and she instantly started to take on the "urgent case"—only to find that there was no such address as that given.

Highly suspicious, to say the least of it. Where would she, or any other nurse, have been taken, had she driven off with the inquirer in his car?

A gentleman left £100 in his will to a faithful servant "for attention to my daughters." Yet a thick boot is sometimes all that amorous young men get for the same thing.

* * *

Fox and Poultry.

Most earnestly it is to be hoped, for the sake of everybody involved in it, that the quarrel between the fox-hunters and the poultry-farmers of the West Kent country will speedily be adjusted and never be heard of again. As in all disagreements to which Reynard is the guilty cause, nothing is wanted but a fair spirit of give and take on both sides.

Poultry-farming is an industry that everybody wants to encourage; fox-hunting is a sport that nobody should wish to prevent or embarrass. It is often called the sport of kings. It is also the king of sports—and withal the most democratic sport in the world. Of it, it is strictly true that in what the rich man pays for, the poor man is always welcome to participate. It spreads money over the whole countryside, and the benefit overflows into the towns. People who decry fox-hunting, as fox-hunting, don't know what they are talking about.

* * *

During a recent lawsuit it was stated that a comedian was earning £1,000 a year. The judge thought that was the funniest part of the business.

* * *

Lord Decies in Litigation.

The average man who worries about plumbers' and house decorators' bills would probably suffer no slight shock if he suddenly had an account "for alterations" presented to him, such as was sent, some time ago, to Lord Decies, by a firm of builders in the Gray's Inn Road. The figure on this was the flea-bite of £19,925. There has been litigation over it.

The builders are claiming about £6,000 balance of their account for alterations to Lord Decies' residence, Sefton Park, Stoke Poges; while Lord Decies counterclaims for another sum on various grounds. Among these is comprised an allegation that the workmanship was bad; and in his desire to prove this, his lordship is taking the seemingly rather heroic course of having his mansion pulled to pieces. This is the sort of case which should make us commoners experience a gentle joy that we do not figure in the pages of Debrett.

YOU CAN BEGIN OUR THRILLING MELODRAMA, "SIN," TO-DAY.

The famous exile, Prince Kropotkin, has just celebrated his seventieth birthday at Brighton. Many happy returns of the day, Prince. You are far too good for Russia, and England is proud to have you.

* * *

Who Was the Woman in Blue?

We know now what manner of man Delay really was—enough has come to light since his suicide to show him up all too plainly. We are not unmindful of the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonúm*; but what good can be spoken of this sinister figure in the most distressing tragedy of recent times? Apart from this reflection, there are other interests than his to think of. It seems to us to be cruelly clear that an innocent, senitive, highly-strung woman was driven temporarily insane by his persistent and wicked pursuit of her; and of a man capable of the persecution of such a pursuit, and guilty of the persecution of such a pursuit, nothing too severe can be said, dead or alive.

Save for the representatives of a firm of solicitors, the only mourner present at the mutilated funeral service read over the body of Delay was a woman dressed in blue. Who was she? Was every effort made to trace her, and to ascertain whether it was to her that the self-murdered man wrote the letter he posted on the eve of his suicide? It is not unreasonable to assume that in all probability that letter would tell us what we can never know without it.

Who, and where now, is that solitary lady in blue?

* * *

"Once the gambling fever gets hold of her, woman is infinitely more reckless than man."—*The Gentlewoman.* Since marriage is a lottery, this accounts for so many men remaining bachelors.

* * *

Taxi-Cab Bandits' Sentence.

The sentences on the Edgware Road taxi-cab robbers were as follows:

George Hayes (aged 22, who pleaded "Guilty), 22 months' hard labour.

James Herbert Gale (aged 22, who pleaded "Not Guilty"), 22 months' hard labour.

Leslie Gale (aged 16, who pleaded "Not Guilty"), three years at Borstal.

The Recorder, in passing sentence, said that in the case of Hayes and James Gale, but for their age he would have sent them to penal servitude. Why this squeamish clemency, pray? All the prisoners, however young they may have been, were desperate criminals, acting with deliberate intent; and they set about this work with all the purposefulness of much older hands at crime. Youth is no excuse for them; for it would be inept to make out that ruffians, such as they, did not realise what they were doing. They belong to a class which is a permanent menace to society at large and each, even the youngest, should have suffered the heaviest penalty allowed by the law for an offence like theirs. Drastic sentences are the only means of putting down crime.

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At the Royal Institution on December 28th, Sir James Dewar will expound the mysteries of alchemy. We wonder whether he will explain how thieves managed to change ten thousand pounds' worth of gold into lead.

* * *

Our Youngest Peeress.

The Hon. Mary Frances Katherine Petre, daughter of the fourteenth Baron Petre, is our youngest Peeress, and she has lately acceded to the dignity in a highly romantic way. Before an imposing assembly of Peers and Law Lords, this little twelve-year-old girl's claim to one of England's most ancient titles—a title associated with all manner of historical happenings— has just recently been fought out in the House of Lords. Subject to the decision of His Majesty the King to determine the abeyance of the title (and this is a matter of no doubt) the little girl now assumes the dignity of the Barony of Furnivall, which has been in abeyance for one hundred and thirty-five years.

The whole argument—fought out between Mr. Raymond Asquith, for the Crown, and Lord Robert Cecil for the Hon. Miss Petre—hinged on whether one Thomas de Furnivall was present at a certain Parliament held by King Edward II. in 1307. The noble and learned lords were agreed that he did attend; and so little Miss Petre won her case.

* * *

Not Cricket.

From Sydney comes the very unpleasant news that the manager of the last Australian cricket team in England has reported to the Board of Control that the behaviour of certain unnamed members of the team was so disgustingly bad in England that the side as a whole was socially ostracised

We are at a loss to understand what this means, or can mean. To say that the team was socially ostracised here is simply untrue, and nothing was heard of any reason why it should be.

* * *

Artful Dodgers.

Some of the methods of the Charity Organisation Society by no manner of means commend themselves to us, but the Secretary does well to expose the methods of the swarms of begging-letter writing frauds who prey on the kind-hearted all over the kingdom. Just at this time of year their obnoxious activities are always in full swing, and the present warnings of Mr. C. S. Lock are opportunately dated.

Impostors impure and simple of the class in question, of course, easily bring themselves within the reach of the law but there are beggars of a somewhat different class who manage to evade it. We allude to the runners of charitable "missions" that are half genuine and half bogus. Such people have something to show for other people's money, but not enough. A "mission," for instance, to provide free feeds (with pious teaching thrown in) may collect enough money to feed a thousand but stop short at a hundred.

Collecting agents, who are paid by commission on what they collect, are not likely to be very scrupulous in their appeals. Collectors so paid are sent out everywhere, and should be regarded with suspicion.

Give, and give as freely as you can; but take the trouble to assure yourself that what you give is given to those, and those only, who are not going to make anything out of it for themselves.

* * *

A French Fortune Teller.

France has her fortune-telling "occultists" as well as English—and has them just as badly, to judge by a prosecution just reported from Orleans, and from a number of similar cases. Among other swindles of the Orleans "clairvoyants," "too numerous to mention," as the catalogues say of articles for sale, we cite a couple of specimens that are distinctly precious.

A burly butcher consulted this "clairvoyante" seer with the object of obtaining a really authoritative answer to the (to him) momentous question, "What will be the price of mutton in six months' time?" The lady told him—at a charge of £4. The butcher sold all he possessed in order to buy sheep for the rise—and in due time found himself ruined.

Even more astounding is the second sworn information—that of a young woman who paid the fortune-teller £200 for the following recipe of a cure for an abscess in the arm: "When you leave my house, touch the tail of the first dog you meet. You will thus pass on your malady to him and be cured."

The French police had better follow the recent example of our own.

* * *

A poacher who was fined £3 or two months pointed out to the magistrate that the maximum penalty could only be one month. The poacher evidently had the magistrate "on toast."

* * *

Judge Scrutton and the Cat.

Mr. Justice Scrutton had to pass sentence at Birmingham on a man convicted of robbery with violence—a prisoner with forty-four previous convictions behind him, including twelve for assault. The Judge said he had to consider what penalty could deter a man like this. To a sentence of imprisonment there was only one addition which in his opinion was likely to have any effect.

"People who are guilty of these charges of violence are generally afraid of their own skins," he told the prisoner, in sentencing him to twenty-one months' hard labour and eighteen lashes with the cat.

* * *

The *Pelican* Christmas Annual is written almost entirely by Variety Stars. Being on top of the "bill" they are not likely to "get the bird."

* * *

He lives longest who is awake the most hours, but he yawns a good deal.

* * *

Overdoing It.

The Rat and Sparrow Club of Liss, in Hampshire, are offering threepence a head for the heads of chaffinches, greenfinches, bullfinches and tom-tits. This is overdoing the slaughter. Apart from sentiment altogether, the indiscriminate destruction of the enemies of insect life is shown by experience to do far more harm than good.

AMUSE YOURSELF WITH OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

"Some of the best advertising work is done by posters," says the *Daily Mail*. And some by im-posters.

* * *

Liars in the Witness Box.

Whether Judge Rentoul meant his remark to be taken literally or figuratively when he said that perjury was committed "a hundred times a week" in the City of London Court, there can be no doubt whatever that perjury under oath is terribly common in both civil and criminal courts. "Men commit perjury to save eighteenpence," declared Judge Rentoul. If for eighteenpence, how much more readily when other and larger interests are at stake.

Over and over again it happens that the decision of a Judge or the verdict of a jury means, of necessity, that a witness has sworn falsely. Then why is he not charged and taken into custody on the spot? Logically, he has already been convicted and is eligible for sentence.

* * *

A Knock Out.

Judge Smyly's treatment that bogus bids at an auction are fraudulent looks like a knock-out blow at a common practice. He dismissed the contention of a solicitor at Shoreditch County Court the other day that an auctioneer might legitimately instruct his clerk to bid at a sale in order that a reserve price might be reached.

"If a person makes a legitimate bid he can claim the goods," declared His Honour, if no genuine bid be higher. It had been held that a man could say "I demand the name of the person who is supposed to have made a bid over me," and that the auctioneer must either give it or deliver the goods to the real highest bidder.

* * *

"Flogging for Bullies."

"We don't altogether like the flogging idea," a highly placed official of the Salvation Army has told an interviewer in discussing the White Slave Traffic Bill. Of greater interest is his assertion, "but if flogging has to be done you will find the Salvation Army able to put its hands on the first man eligible for the punishment."

There is nothing to cause any surprise in the fact that the Humanitarian League have formally protested against the increased infliction of the lash.

* * *

Lord Russell is the latest adherent to the Socialist Party. There should be no difficulty now in giving Mr. Lansbury a seat in the House of Lords.

* * *

Cheap Feeds for M.P.'s.

The best shilling dinner in London is to be had within the precincts of the House of Commons—where the £400 a year representatives of the people can get it, but not the people.

Last year the loss on this prodigal bob's-worth was £1,400, to which amount must be added the subsidy of £2,000 per annum voted by the House. Why should the House vote that, or any other sum, in order that its members can feed on the cheap?

* * *

Red Rubber Again.

Since the recent Putumayo rubber atrocities some time back, a commission was appointed, headed by the British and United States consuls at Iquitos, to visit the Putumayo on a tour of investigation. Since then, further atrocious disclosures have come to light, almost too horrible to print.

At any rate, we do not propose to print them, because most of the newspapers have printed them already. Our business is with the precious Commission, alluded to above, which has already returned.

We want to know why in the name of humanity that Commission is still inactive? Sir Edward Grey, will you be good enough to investigate, please?

Life in Glasgow.

Writing to *Modern Man* on "Life in Glasgow," "C.H.H.," who resides there, says:—

Glasgow, the largest and finest city in Scotland, and the best beloved by Scotsmen, in undoubtedly one of the most immoral cities of the British Empire.

This, no doubt, is due to the housing arrangements of the poorer, and even the middle, classes. These houses are in the form of tenements, with one common entrance from the street or road.

We will take the houses in the working-class districts as an example. The common entrance, or "close" as it is called, opens on to the street, and running some way back forms an entrance to a staircase, which leads up to the various homes situated on each landing. In most cases these houses consist of two or three rooms at the most, and are for the use of one family. These families are usually large, which is a feature of the working class; the poorer the parents, the larger family they will persist in having.

All the units of these large families are distributed into the various rooms, without any distinction between the sexes.

The writer has seen from his own window, which faces on to the main road, people living in a house opposite, bathing in the kitchen, with no blinds drawn, and in full view of anyone passing along in the street below. The close, or entrance, is a great temptation to young men and women who have been brought up in this fashion.

In some cases there is no light, or very little, in these closes or entrance to the houses, and it is no uncommon thing to see a group of young girls and boys behaving in a most disgraceful manner, in these unlighted places. This kind of thing only leads from bad to worse; and if enquiries are made, it will be found that in two out of four families there will be an illegitimate birth in their family history.

No wonder the streets of Glasgow are teeming with poor girls, who, having lost their chastity in this way, are driven to earn their living on the streets. It is a pitiful sight to see the large number of unfortunate women who promenade Sauchiehall Street, a fashionable thoroughfare; but these poor human beings can hardly be blamed, as they have been taught in the houses they lived in as young girls, that it was no disgrace to disport themselves among the male members of the household.

Some large towns in the North of Scotland are no better than Glasgow in regard to the housing question, and the same moral laxity exists there.

Scotland is said to be the "Land of Bibles"—so it is on Sundays; but it is a disgraceful sight on a Saturday night to see young men and women in a state of intoxication committing acts which Englishmen would not tolerate in their towns or cities.

* * *

Pretence and Reality.

Why women kiss one another.

Pretence: Because the little darlings' hearts are so full of affection.

Reality: Because they want to find out what kinds of powder the other uses.

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "QUEER FISH."

FOR "FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS SEE PAGE 1710.

ROYAL MORGANATIC WIFE SCANDAL.

LOVE BEFORE A THRONE.

An amazing state of affairs has arisen in Russian Court circles and is exciting the greatest interest in St. Petersburg and Moscow society. It is understood that the brother of the Czar of Russia, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch—a sketch of whom appears below—has definitely renounced every right to the throne—and thereby hangs a remarkable story.

When the Czar was Furious.

Nearly three years back, the Grand Duke was secretly married to Mme. Mamontoff, who bore him a son not long ago. She is a handsome woman of considerable attainments, who was married when very young. Her first marriage was not a happy one, and meeting the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch in Moscow, she contracted an affection for him which was reciprocated. At Mme. Mamontoff's request, her husband divorced her, leaving her free to marry the Grand Duke, which ceremony was at last performed, after considerable scandal and difficulty, by a priest in Moscow.

The Czar was furious when he heard of his brother's action, and took steps in a direction which practically constituted the Grand Duke's exile. The Grand Duke, however, refused to be deterred from marrying Mme. Mamontoff; and when he had done so, he was equally firm in his refusal to annul the marriage. Ever since then, he and his wife have been subjected to all manner of pressure—and this has culminated, in the Grand Duke's case, in his complete renunciation of his rights to the Czardom of all the Russias.

An Irksome Custom.

Now, here we have a situation which once again opens up a highly interesting social problem. It has always struck the majority of thinkers on life in general, that the custom whereby in Royal Families civilisation is directly opposed to Nature, is a decidedly irksome one—nay more, that it amounts to a positive scandal.

The whole point in a nutshell is this. So long as Monarchy exists, the Monarchical system of intermarriage between members of Royal houses must of necessity be observed. Any recognition of a deviation from the Monarchical system would undoubtedly lead to other deviations, which would equally indubitably deal the death-blow of Monarchy all over the world. Thus in plain language Royalties must never—can never—marry any but Royalties.

If they do, they must cease to become Royalties. They must become ordinary citizens.

It is easy to see that except in an insignificant minority of exceptional cases, Royalties are doomed to life-long unhappiness—often amounting to misery—so far as their marital relationships are concerned. An instance of this occurred in 1889.

The Archduke Rudolf, the only son of the Emperor of Austria, and Heir Apparent to the throne, contracted an attachment for a woman who was not of Royal rank. The parental recognition was refused; and the hapless Crown Prince took his own life by blowing his brains out.

Another Royal personage who revolted against the rigours of the Monarchical system was the ex-Princess Louise of Tuscany. She became infatuated with a musician named Signor Toselli, and married him. As a result, she has since been deprived of her Royal rank.

Yet another member of the Austrian Royal Family who renounced Royal privileges for the sake of the actress he loved was the brother of the Princess just alluded to, the Archduke Leopold.

Old and Important Question.

The question remains:—Should Royal people be allowed to marry the husbands and wives of their choice—or should their mates be found solely within the slender circle of monarchical rank? It is a question as old as the ages—and heavy though it is with Princes' sigs and Princesses' tears, it is likely to endure through generations and generations of unborn men.

But the recent action has shown what a Prince will do for love. Morganatic marriages are on the increase, and of this we shall have more to say next week.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Parliament will have to sit on New Year's Day. This will be a valuable opportunity for making good resolutions.

* * *

Demonstrations showing how husbands should treat their wives are to be given at the forthcoming Simple Life Exhibition. The promoters are not so simple as they would have us believe.

* * *

The Hon. Vicary Gibbs, M.P., advocates curing the "hunger striker" by feeding her on milk only. This sounds very much like the treatment meted out to ordinary cats.

* * *

A word of thanks for increased Naval pay—Tar.

* * *

The 1911-12 report of the Postmaster General shows a remarkable growth in the work of the Post Office. This Government has an undoubted reputation for making a large number of posts.

* * *

Three Dreadnoughts as a gift to the Admiralty! Canada says "If England's naval supremacy is threatened, we can aid 'er."

The conversion of sawdust into a syrupy substance of high nutritive value as a food is the latest scientific achievement. When there is not a scrap of food left in the house, we can still get our *board* and lodging. *Sweet* are the uses of adversity!

* * *

The *Daily Mail* has discovered a great "trade" boom. This has nothing to do with the latest "rag" craze.

* * *

A fishing apparatus has been invented which detects passing fish by the sounds they transmit to a telephone receiver. An appropriate catch-phrase would be "Hold the line, please."

* * *

When removing recently, Mr. Philip Snowden discovered that he had "tons" of books. If he has absorbed the contents of them all, he must have a weight on his mind.

* * *

The conference in London. A peace of Turkish delight.

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An aeroplane was seized and sold by auction for £12 because the owner refused to keep a flying engagement. Both the weather and the would-be spectators seem to have been there for bidding.

YOU CAN BEGIN OUR THRILLING MELODRAMA, "SIN," TO-DAY.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

Is not a certain young stockbroker rather sorry now that his sporting instincts prompted him to play German whist in the Sandown race-train with a burly Yorkshireman of bluff appearance?

* * *

We wonder whether a fairly well-known provincial pantomime producer would be very comfortable in his inner mind, if he were aware of the action which is shortly to be taken by the mother of a fifteen-year-old girl who was engaged for his pantomime, but left suddenly after the third chorus-call?

* * *

Where does a certain West End hotel-keeper, whose premises are much frequented by the lads (and lasses) of the village, get his oysters from? And would it not be advisable for him to get better and sounder ones, in view of the fact that more than one of his customers have been feeling very seedy lately, after indulging in the molluscs?

* * *

Was it not rather a pity that a lady (who had been dining) got out of a taxi in a West End thoroughfare the other day for some reason of her own? Her male companion (who had also been dining) was much perturbed, when he woke up, to learn that she had had both legs broken in crossing the road.

* * *

Why did a clever Scottish actor miss two rehearsals of a forthcoming play recently? And is he not rather sorry about it now, since receiving a letter to the effect that his part has been given to another?

* * *

Why, when a certain solicitor takes parties (not lacking in the fair element) away for week-ends in his sea-going motor-launch, are the cabin blinds so carefully drawn, when passing down from London to the mouth of the Thames?

* * *

Who was the West Kensington rollicker who not long ago entered a police-station at about 1.30 a.m., rapped on the majestic inspector's desk, and in rather inarticulate tones demanded a "stout an' bitter"? And was it quite good form on his part later in the morning, when he awoke in an apartment provided by His Majesty, to ring a small bell and request "my shaving water at nine o'clock, please"?

* * *

Look out for the intervention of the King's Proctor very shortly in the matter of no less than three recent decrees nisi.

* * *

What are the Metropolitan police doing that they still take no action with regard to an opium-den in Regent Street where society men and women congregate secretly in one room to smoke the drug—generally in very scanty attire?

* * *

What is the name of the London lyric writer whom his friends waggishly describe as "The unruly bard who is barred at Rule's"?

* * *

Who is the once wealthy business man who went round in his motor-car some weeks ago to all his friends, from each of whom he borrowed small sums ranging from £1 to £5, and who is now preparing to file his petition in bankruptcy?

* * *

Who is the licensed victualler in a Western suburb of London who recently gave a party, after closing time, to a large gathering of his favoured habitués, in a licensed part of his premises, without notifying the police of his intention of doing so? And does he not regret just now that he neglected this formality?

* * *

Is it not a fact that a certain enormously wealthy banker is attempting at the present time to bribe the principal newspapers, in order to suppress so far as possible the details of a forthcoming divorce case in which he will be a prominent figure?

* * *

Who was the roysterer who was snoring so loudly in the parterre at the Empire, some nights ago, that he had to be gently but firmly conducted out?

* * *

Who is the individual well-known to the police and others in the West End, whose nasal appendage is of so gorgeous a crimson that he is nicknamed "The Danger Signal"?

* * *

ILL-CHOSEN.

Is there anything of a financial character underlying the recent startling discovery on the part of "a famous scientist" that a certain patent soup is good for consumption?

* * *

Who is the director of a motor-manufacturing firm who is now being threatened by a fair—or is it unfair?—lady, to the effect that if he does not increase her allowance, she will write to his wife?

* * *

What West End theatre is it in which the chorus ladies for the pantomime are threatening to go on strike on the first night if full back payment is not made at the rate of half-pay for rehearsals? In view of the long hours which, to our knowledge, the girls have been made to work at rehearsal, we are not out of sympathy with them; and we may have a further announcement to make on the subject.

* * *

Who was the racing "head" who tried to get into the Press box at Leicester on one day of the last meeting, with a well-known journalist's card—and was ignominiously bundled out?

* * *

The latest dodge for obtaining spending-money from a stingy parent has been devised by one of our gilded youths. His allowance is small, but his father countenances unlimited credit with his tailor. Thus the youngster obtains hundreds of pounds worth of clothes "on tick," and sells them at a reduction to misfit clothiers.

* * *

What was the real underlying cause of a rumour which got about in the City, last Monday, to the effect that the "Mauretania," about 500 miles outward bound, was in a sinking condition, and attempting to return to Queenstown?

* * *

Who was the gorgeously attired individual, in a frock overcoat and top hat, who had stones and chunks of turf thrown at him on a provincial race-course the other day by some of the "heads"? And why was it that he slunk off through the exit-gates without attempting to have any of his assailants arrested?

* * *

Why is it that a certain temperance advocate and lecturer in South-East London, who formerly shaved himself, now has such a shaky hand every morning that he has taken to paying daily visits to a local barber?

£250 IS THE PREMIER PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XXII.—THE GIRL IN BLUE.

By
ADAM STERN,
Author of the popular Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

All sorts and conditions of people were wont to throng Prosing's, the celebrated emporium, in High Holborn, London. There was no compulsion to buy. The place was a covered theatre, with endless opportunities of amusement, and if surveillance existed it was so well ordered and unobtrusive that none were conscious of it save those who, abusing the public privilege, fell violently from grace.

The brains of this perfect organism were embodied in Mr. Dunlop Kane. Like brain matter, too, he was essentially invisible. But only in his official capacity. As guide, spectator, and occasional friend, he was here, there and everywhere, attired in the various habiliments of men. And little went on that escaped his notice.

It was on such an occasion as this that he had his experience with the Girl in Blue.

Just as a face now and then will flash out from a crowd of other faces and imprint itself on the mind, so this girl's face was photographed on his. Exceedingly pale and expressionless, with a look about her as though she had just awakened from sleep.

She was alone. She was genteelly shabby. Her gloves, to the trained eye, had been darned at the fingers'-ends. Her navy serge "suit" was shiny at the seams. Her skirt hung unevenly at the back; and her boots wanted cleaning and were somewhat down at heel. Undoubtedly she was young.

She went about the shop with a lack-lustre inanimation. From department to department, slowly, with drooping shoulders and with feet that dragged. She did not touch anything; her eyes flickered passively from thing to thing, as if what she saw did not interest her, or as if her abstracted mind were occupied with problems elsewhere.

Finally she sat down in the music room and listened without change of gaze to an impromptu of Chopin's, delicately played on a Bechstein Grand by the musician who dropped in casually and rattled off trifles (for a prearranged fee), An increasing audience pressed the musician for more; the girl got up and wandered away.

Here Kane could have relegated the supervision of her to another less multitudinously occupied, but he preferred not to do so, having that infinite application to detail which is the sign-manual of greatness and an inexhaustible patience which kept him imperturbable always.

He followed her into the restaurant, and through the writing-room, and so on through various transitions of environment to the fruit store on the ground floor. There, just as she was about to pass out into the street, she halted and stood very still. She was looking at a heap of oranges! And are there many things more beautiful in the world than a piled-up heap of oranges?

Her hands began to pluck one at the other. The glow faded from her face now, and left her if possible whiter than before, but still she stood motionless and still her eyes were fixed fascinated on the oranges. She stood sideways to the pile—and gradually, almost imperceptibly she edged a little nearer.

In course of time she was standing right against the stall. There were a number of assistants and customers about, but no one as it seemed with a special eye on her. Furtively her gloved hand closed over one of the oranges, and holding it pressed to her side she hurried towards the door. A clumsy theft, grotesquely insignificant!

But even so, a well-dressed man detached himself from nowhere and moved casually across to intercept her retreat; but a sign from Kane restrained him as unobtrusively, and the next moment Kane was smiling pleasantly at the Girl in Blue.

"Pardon me, madam; you have omitted to give us the address to which we shall send the goods."

With complete *sang froid*—almost as it were in a momentary aberration—he removed the orange from the girl's hand and placed it on the counter close at hand. It was open to her now to stammer out a confused answer and to take her leave, with no more said; but she did not avail herself of the offered opportunity, but stared at him instead with a sort of frightened helplessness.

"I have not bought anything," she said; and slowly sank to the ground with her chin falling forward on her breast.

There was perturbation for a minute, and then she was quickly picked up and carried down a corridor into a room. Cold water and a chafing of her hands soon restored her to consciousness, then, when a tinge of colour had come back into her cheeks, Kane despatched the woman from the room and stood looking at the girl with a sympathetic smile.

"Where do you live?" he asked her.

She told him.

"You are obviously unwell. I am going to call a cab and have you sent home."

She did not reply. She continued to look at him steadily, and as if she said nothing.

"Will you wait here?" he asked.

She briefly nodded.

He was back again in a few moments, and half expected to find that she had gone, but she was exactly where he had left her, and something stirred Kane so that he took hold of her masterfully by the arm and supported her down the corridor to the private exit where the taxi was waiting. He never distrusted his instinct when it urged him to help or protect.

"I'm coming with you," he said, and gave the address to the driver and entered the vehicle beside her.

No word was spoken till they reached their journey's end—a dingy little house in a grey Lambeth street.

"Father's at home," she said as they alighted, "you'd better see him—there's only him and me."

"I am only going to tell him," said Kane, "that you're not very well, and that you want looking after."

"Yes," she said dully—she seemed not to see that he was intending to reassure her.

She led the way into the house, into a dreadfully cheerless kitchen, where a shaggy-haired man sat reading—an elderly man with a big head and a small spare body. He rose abruptly to his feet, looking surprised; and Kane saw that he had been a gentleman.

"I was able to do your daughter a service," said Kane. "She fainted, and I brought her home."

"It is very good of you, sir. I am very much obliged to you." He glanced at his daughter with infinite apprehension. "This is bad, dear," he said uncertainly. "I am very sorry. I hope you feel better."

"I am better," she said, and passively sat down.

"I am afraid, sir," continued the elderly man, unwittingly explaining everything, "she has not had sufficient nourishment lately. We are very poor. I am afraid—I fear, sir, she is fading under the strain."

Kane's guiding star shone luminous for a moment.

"So I understand," he said. "I gather that it would help you both if your daughter were provided with some congenial occupation. I have some authority in Prosing's Emporium, High Holborn, and there are numerous openings in several branches of the business. If she will call round to-morrow morning I think I can promise her that something will be done for her."

"She has been a clerk, sir. She is good at book-keeping."

"That simplifies everything. You can confidently rely on it that she will be employed."

The girl spoke intensely. "If you could do something for dad! It doesn't matter about me. If you could do something for dad! He is a wonderful pianist, sir. There was a man played in your shop to-day, but he wasn't so good. Father can play anything. If you could only let him come, just to show what the pianos can do! Oh, he'd come for nothing, just to feel his fingers on the keys again. Wouldn't you, dad?"

"I am Johann Chard," said the elderly man, trembling, and he bowed with some dignity. "If such a post were offered to me—one must pocket one's pride—for the sake of my dear child . . ."

"Both of you had better come," said Kane, with his debonair assurance that he could make the best of everything; "this is a positive glut of good fortune! But the good that comes out of it depends upon yourselves."

He gave his name and took his farewell. On the way back to the shop he delayed to wire a sovereign to Johann Chard—anonymously.

(Another complete story next week.)

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE

"Modern Man" and a Luton Case.

Our recent vigorous remarks against the evils involved in marriages between an elderly person on the one side and a young one on the other have once again been strikingly borne out by an extraordinary case which has just been occupying the attention of the Luton Police Court.

An old man of 86 who married a girl of 18 who had previously been in his service for four years, was sued by his wife for maintenance. It was stated that she wished to marry a young man called Griffin. Her employer, however, pointing out that he had not long to live, and that she would want for nothing after his death, induced her to marry him instead. At the same time, he made no opposition to her continuing a friendship with Griffin, who, indeed, lodged with the married couple.

After some weeks, however, the husband grew jealous and Griffin left. He fancied, it was stated by a solicitor, that his wife had a man in her bed-room one night, and demanded admission to her room. A suggestion was made by the husband when the door was opened that a man had got out of the bedroom window. She said that it was an outrageous accusation; but her husband told her to go, and she left next morning.

In cross-examination she denied having, on several occasions, concealed Griffin's presence from her husband. She admitted that after leaving her husband she took a house at Luton and that Griffin lodged there. Her husband paid into her banking account nearly £400, and she was to do what she liked with it.

The husband's counsel said that it was a case of "being content to wait for a dead man's shoes" and that there was very little doubt that the old man had been hoodwinked.

This may or may not be the case; but a very patent moral arises out of this case. There are certain quite natural proclivities common to all young people; and it is not natural that an old man should marry a young woman, or that a young man should mate with an old woman.

HIRE PURCHASE VILLAINY.

Parliament Must be Active.

We are more than a little surprised—not to use a stronger expression—at the treatment by two of our Members of Parliament of one of the gravest subjects that ever concerned the working classes of this country. We are referring to Messrs. Will Crooks, M.P., and C. W. Bowerman, M.P., in the first case, and, in the second, to the outrageously iniquitous system of Hire Purchase swindling.

After our recent disclosures, there is no necessity to labour the potentialities for evil which this system possesses with regard to the poorer section—of course in an enormous majority—of the public; and it must not be forgotten that Mr. Will Crooks and Mr. C. W. Bowerman are Labour M.P.'s. Thus, to them, the subject should be one of the supremest importance.

Why, then, do they treat with so marked an apparent disregard our earnest presentation, made to them recently, of the grave dangers of the Hire Purchase system?

As announced in a recent issue, we duly placed before members of the House of Commons, full particulars of the disgraceful workings of the villainy under discussion. These took the form of a letter, commending to the consideration of Parliament our feasible plan for the protection of the public (a legally enforced clause for the return to the hirer, in the event of distraint, of 75 per cent. or so of the full amount paid) and enclosing cuttings of our articles.

From Mr. Reginald Blair, the recently elected Unionist M.P. for Bow and Bromley, we have received the following letter:—

> "In reply to your letter of this date, I duly received yours of the 30th ult. with enclosures, which I read with much interest."

This, at any rate, is encouraging; but we can only say that we cannot understand the inaction of Messrs. Crooks and Bowerman. We trust—nay, we insist—that they, in common with Parliament as a body, will move immediately in this matter.

£250 FOR CORRECT FOOTBALL RESULTS

Plenty of money is wanted during the Christmas season, and our Football Skill Competition will do it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second, and Southern Leagues on Saturday, December 21st, and for the prize of **£250** you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will **lose**. Where you predict a **draw** leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of **£250**. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results **£25** will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, December 21. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 8 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, December 20. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 8.

Matches to be played on Saturday, December 21st. Cross out —in ink— the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

DERBY COUNTY	v.	MANCHESTER CITY
LIVERPOOL	v.	SHEFFIELD UNITED
MIDDLESBROUGH.	v.	WOOLWICH ARSENAL
BLACKBURN ROVERS	v.	WEST BROMWICH ALBION
NOTTS COUNTY	v.	CHELSEA
BLACKPOOL	v.	PRESTON NORTH END
BURY	v.	BRISTOL CITY
FULHAM	v.	NOTTS FOREST
LEEDS CITY	v.	HUDDERSFIELD
WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS	v.	GLOSSOP
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS	v.	CRYSTAL PALACE
MILLWALL	v.	WATFORD
BRISTOL ROVERS	v.	COVENTRY CITY
SWINDON	v.	BRIGHTON AND HOVE.
PORTSMOUTH	v.	WEST HAM
GILLINGHAM	v.	SOUTHAMPTON

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

FOR NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS SEE PAGES 1703 AND 1710.

MORE "STARS" OF THE SEASON.

As promised last week, we now give more sketches and snappy details of some reigning favourites in Pantomime:—

MAIDIE SCOTT.—A merry, rollicking, typically Irish girl, with dark eyes and hair, and a roguish smile. Full of "go." Clever character impersonator. Playing principal girl in "Little Jack Horner," at Liverpool, Shakespeare Theatre.

TOM FOY.—Best known as the Yorkshire lad, though he was born at Liverpool. A diverting exponent of rustic humour. Makes fun at Edinburgh Royal.

WINIFRED WARD.—A sprightly, vivacious lady, who does clever male impersonations in the halls. Will be an energetic Dick Whittington at Bristol, Prince's Theatre.

GWLADYS SOMAN.—An ideal principal boy, well-equipped with the main essentials. Head of "The House that Jack Built," at Glasgow.

DAISY WOOD.—A dashing comedienne of inexhaustible energy. Sings a good song well. One of the famous Lloyd sisters. Plays Dick Whittington at Manchester Royal.

BILLY MERSON.—The most recent star comedian. Small. Full of droll antics and burlesque notions. Now exhibiting at Glasgow Royal.

FRED BARNES.—Also at the Royal, Glasgow, in a novel part. He is the first male principal boy.

NELLIE WIGLEY.—One of the best "boys" in pantomime. Beautiful in face and figure. Has Scottish records to her name. Now leads in "Goody Two Shoes," at Birmingham Royal.

LULU VALLI.—Alluring, shapely, and experienced in panto and musical comedy. Has two sisters, both prominent on stage. Plays lead in "Twinkle Little Star," at Birmingham, Prince of Wales' Theatre.

JAY LAURIER.—A bucolic humorist, with a quaint yokel's guffaw. Originally a pierrot. Made first splash in "Tom Jones" comic opera.

MOIRA HAMMON.—Perhaps the most statuesque of principal boys. A commanding presence. Appears in the halls with Miss Wyatt as The Sandow Girls. Playing Robinson Crusoe, at Birmingham Alexandra.

PHYLLIS MONKMAN.—A pretty girl, young, one of the most graceful dancers in pantomime. Has sister Dorothy on the stage. Plays principal girl in "Sinbad," at Edinburgh Royal.

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS BOOMING.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

Seasonable Sillinesses Just Invented.

"SUFFRAGETTING."

This is a game eminently suited for the parlour, and always creates a lot of harmless fun among the guests. The only requisites necessary are a number of hatchets and a mirror. The latter is very essential; the larger the better.

Range the "assailants," each armed with a hatchet, in a row at the far end of the room. Shout "Votes!" as a signal to begin, and each participant will hurl his weapon at the mirror. The one who hits first should be awarded a small prize. The one who is hit first will have a swollen head as "booby."

"A-TISH-U."

Although, by its name, it sounds childish, this is in reality a game invented for the older folks. Place a circle of chairs around the room, to the number of one less than those playing. When the competitors are seated, the odd man should stand in the centre of the ring and release a small quantity of pepper or snuff. The person who sneezes first must give up his seat to the one standing, and repeat the performance.

Should the "ring-leader" sneeze before those seated, he must pay forfeit and start again.

"WINE QUOITS."

A bottle of wine and a set of quoit rings are all that is required for this game. The wine should be of the very best quality.

The player who first succeeds in throwing a ring over the neck of the bottle has to pay for it, and stand drinks to the other competitors.

It is a remarkable fact that those new at the game are more lucky in throwing the ring around the neck than those who have had practice.

"JELLY-GABY."

A long, straight banister-rail, and a few pretty flappers and willing young men, complete the "outfit" for this rollicking game. The "nuts" sit themselves at intervals down the stair-case, facing the bottom step. Provide the dear girls with a spoonful of jelly each, and set them gliding one by one down the banisters. The idea is to see who can, as they slip down, first pop her jelly into one of the the mouths of the waiting--and watching--young men. At first the jelly may disappear down some unfortunate's neck. But practice makes perfect.

"EUGENIC SNAP."

This is the most fashionable game of the season, and in society is ousting the lap-dog from favour as a pastime.

To all the young men the hostess serves out feeding bottles, each with a distinctive coloured bow. From a heap of ribbons the young ladies present should draw corresponding colours, and by matching them with the bows claim their partners for supper. A note of gaiety can be added to the game if the gentlemen players are each provided with a "comforter."

"PICTURE PALACE."

Undoubtedly the most popular game with young couples. Seat them in pairs in the parlour--if they will not do so themselves-- and then turns out the gas. (If they have no objection, of course.) The longest programme of animated pictures can be supplied purely by the imagination. The rumour that the gas companies are agitating to make the game illegal is unfounded.

"PUDDING-PUSH."

This is a mild game suited for the Christmas dinner table, and will serve to while away those tedious minutes when conversation fails. Directly the pudding is placed on the table, the lady nearest must pluck it bodily from the dish and deposit it in the lap of the gentleman opposite.

If he is playing—or if he is not--he will smile and return it with haste to the "offending" side. Thus the steaming orb is passed merrily from one side to the other, up and down the table. When the hostess calls "time," the person holding the pudding has the honour of serving it, and can claim the lucky threepenny bit hidden in it.

THE FORGER'S METHODS.

Startling Statement by a Detective.

"I can't take that half-crown, sir. It's bad."

The astonished customer who has tendered the coin picks it up and examines it only to convince himself that he is once more in possession of a coin which certainly never came from Tower Hill.

Seven years ago there was extraordinary activity among forgers, or "smashers" as they are generally known. The police organised a campaign, there were many arrests, and matters improved for a time. But only for a time. To-day they are as bad as ever, and an experienced detective is of the opinion that there are at present in this country nearly two thousand persons directly or indirectly engaged in coining, counterfeiting or passing bad money. The number of private mints is probably not far short of a hundred.

Base coin is comparatively easy to make. The metal used is usually an amalgam of grain tin and antimony. It can be bought without suspicion, for it is largely used by dentists for stopping teeth. The alloy is melted in a pot, and poured into greased moulds made of plaster of paris. To deaden the suspicious newness, the coins are wiped over with tallow-candle grease and lamp black.

Bankers Admit Defeat.

It is perfectly easy to pass base coin. One coiner who was recently released after serving fourteen years for the offence, declared that he passed a hundred "flatches" or base half-crowns in one afternoon at the Crystal Palace. The one point concerning which he has to be cautious about is not to knock his coins about, for a base coin will only ring once. Smashers never try the game on pawnbrokers, for the latter make a habit of ringing all coins twice.

A thoroughly equipped coiner's den was recently raided by the police in a slum district of Nottingham. Detective Sergeant Goddard described how he broke into the prisoner's room and found there plaster of paris, a dry battery, an electric coil, a file, a brush and an old metal teapot. The base shillings found on the prisoner were made of the metal of the teapot.

But the coiner is, after all, very small beer compared with the forger. The latter, with his devilish ingenuity, inflicts a heavier loss on the community at one coup than all the coiners in the country in a year.

Take the case of the famous Dr. Bridgewater gang. Fisher, Shackell and Holmes were his main confederates. They stole £57,000 in their short career by means of cheque forgeries.

It was forgers who brought to an untimely end the useful activities of the Cheque Bank, which came into existence in 1873, and, though perfectly solvent, had to be wound up in 1900, simply because a gang of swindlers travelled round the Continent with books of cleverly forged Cheque Bank cheques.

Four years ago, the directors of the National Bank of Belgium were driven to confess themselves beaten by forgers, and to replace their 1,000 franc note by an entirely new one.

Everyone knows how the Bank of England has at various times suffered through the activities of the forger. The familiar fiver has been copied more than once with perfect success, notably by the notorious Solomon Barmash and his confederates.

The Only Real Remedy.

Forgery or paper business is conducted on regular business lines, and the "putter up" or principal is invariably most careful as to the character of the men whom he employs.

As a rule the gang consists of at least three men. The "putter up" is the capitalist who finds the necessary funds. He employs a man known as the "blacksmith," who is the actual forger, while the "putter down" is the person who presents the forged document and gets the money.

In big forgeries one or two other men are usually employed to obtain particulars and make enquiries. These are known as "water dogs."

The plant for producing forged bank notes is expensive, but the game, though risky, is so paying that there are always daring adventurers ready to take it up. Even the much vaunted, secretly prepared water marked paper of the Bank of England can be copied to deceive an expert, and the so-called "secret" marks are secret no longer. The only way to foil the forger, says an expert, is to give up the old-fashioned method of printing bank notes in a dull, single colour, and to use rainbow colour printing. This is the only real remedy.

EVERYBODY MUST GO IN FOR "FIRSTS AND LASTS."

NUMBERING FOOTBALLERS.

Suggestion Which Deserves Hearty Support.

What appears to me to be a very sensible suggestion—that players should wear distinguishing numbers on the football field, is being put forward by a morning paper, and I am glad to know that the idea is finding favour with some of the more prominent club officials.

The idea, of course, is not original, as our colonial visitors have always adopted it with marked success, but it is an innovation so far as our own teams are concerned particularly the "Soccer" branch, and I am certain that if ever it is put into practice it will be greatly appreciated by the spectators, and probably draw a goodly number of those who stop away for the sole reason that they are totally unable to distinguish who's who, more particularly on the visiting side.

Tit-Bit in First Division.

The tit-bit of the First Division on Saturday is the visit of Newcastle to Aston Park, where it is safe to surmise a fast and exciting game will be witnessed. It will be a case of science v. science, with a vengeance, with little in it at the finish, though I rather incline to the view that the "Villa" will have slightly the better of the argument.

Blackburn are doing so well at present, and I should not like to say they will not vanquish West Bromwich, but they will not find them an easy prey, and one thing certain is, that they will not trounce them as they did Bradford City. The latter, by the way, are due at White Hart Lane, and they will have to improve on their recent showing if they hope to cause any more heart-burning amongst the supporters of the "Spurs." Personally, I don't think they will. Manchester City should at least make a draw of it with Derby, and Chelsea may hold their own against Notts County, but Woolwich will not get anything out of their visit to Middlesbrough, and Sheffield United may suffer a like fate at Liverpool.

Prospects in Second Division.

It does not seem to me that the home teams in the Second Division will have much to write home about at the end of the day, at least half of the visitors appearing to have a chance equally as good as their hosts. One of the visiting teams I expect to see successful is Preston, who are making a bold bid to get back in the premier division, and Birmingham may make their position more secure at the expense of Grimsby. Bury should beat Bristol City, and the Wolves ought to get the better of Glossop. Leeds and Huddersfield may make a draw of it, as may Leicester and Hull. In the Southern League I expect to see Millwall, Northampton, and Queen's Park Rangers delight their supporters by beating the visitors.

There is no better way of starting the New Year than by having a little cash in hand, and no easier way of getting the necessary than by the exercise of sufficient skill to win the £250 offered in connection with our football competition. This is your last chance before the New Year, so send in a few extra efforts this week, and even if you cannot get them all right, you may at least win a minor prize.

With reference to the recent article in our paper headed "The Spirit of the Age," the paragraph referring to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's Secretary and others should have commenced "undoubtedly the Sloan-Duployan System of Shorthand is the predominate one" at the present time. This was the system used by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's secretary in his Presidential campaign.

* * *

A really clever woman is always too clever to show it.

* * *

A doctor passing by a stonemason's shop, called out in a pompous manner, "Good morning, D——. Hard at work, as usual. I see you finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next."

"Why, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's sick and you are doctoring him—then I keep right on."

* * *

Wise is the man who is able to say nothing at the right time.

MY NOTE BOOK.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL.

Many substantial money prizes have now been won by fortunate readers all over the country; and though, in the case of the Football Competition, no competitor has yet carried off the first prize of £250, I confidently expect being able to shake hands with a lucky first before long. The weekly increasing thousands of coupons received at the office shows how vastly popular the Football Competition is. If you have not yet sent in a forecast, why not sit down now and send in one or more—as many as you like? Why should you not win that £250?

A word, now, about "Firsts and Lasts." Here, again, you have another field for the lucrative exploitation for clever and skilful brains. So make the best of your first leisure hour, and send us as many of your "Firsts and Lasts" as you like.

* * *

READERS AND THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

A week has now elapsed since my bumper Christmas number was placed in the hands of my thousands of readers at home, and for the past three or four days letters have simply poured into me from friends telling me what they think of it.

The majority of *Modern Man* readers are, I am pleased to say, by no means slow to express an opinion, be it complimentary or otherwise, and I sincerely hope there never will be any disinclination in this connection. But this, by the way.

For the moment I wish to refer particularly to my last number. Every one of the tremendous number of readers I have heard from so far have only expressed their feelings in one way—a way that has gratified me very much indeed.

From 26, Long Street, Birmingham, Mr. A. Rodway writes:—

"I feel that I must write and congratulate you on producing such a splendid Christmas number of *Modern Man*. It is simply great.

"I have never written to you before, although I have taken *Modern Man* in almost from its birth, and do not think there is a finer paper on the market . . . The new serial is a fine one."

" . . . As long as you keep *Modern Man* up to its present standard I should never think you will lack a large circle of readers."

"With all success to yourself and *Modern Man*."

From "J.D.K." (Brixton) comes—

"I have just got your Christmas number, which seems to be quite a great number of a great paper, which I am pleased to say can say what it thinks and acts up to convictions. It is a great pity more of our newspapers could not follow your lead, when the world, to my mind, would be a more genial place to live in. With best wishes for future success, and with the compliments of the season."

* * *

CHURCHMAN AND NONCONFORMISTS' SOCIABILITY.

A Gloucestershire reader, "W.A.," raises a question upon which I would like to have the opinion of my readers. Are Nonconformists more sociable than Churchmen?

In his letter my correspondent says:—

"Dear Sir,—As one brought up in the Church of England, and still a member of it, my experience has long since proved that Churchmen generally are far behind those of their Nonconformist friends as regards mutual affableness and sociability.

"As an instance, I am a member of an unpaid choir of one of the principal churches in this town. The vicar, albeit a good man and popular preacher, treats the senior members of the choir with but, I may say, scant courtesy, both in and out of church. For example, on entering the vestry on Sunday morning or evening, or at practice during the week, he simply ignores you, not even, perhaps, and more often than not, deigning to greet you with 'Good morning' or 'Good evening,' as the case may be, and probably not speaking at all, unless it is to find fault with the boys, the singing, or the organist.

"Now, you will not find such instances as these among Dissenters. They, in my opinion, treat one another in a much more brotherly and Christian-like spirit. Probably some of your readers will give their experiences or state their opinions. I should like to see the question discussed in your splendid paper."

YOUR EDITOR.

YOU CAN START READING "SIN" TO-DAY.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 23: THE RT. HON. R. L. BORDEN.

The man we have great pleasure in introducing to our readers this week does not reside on this side of the herring pond, but as Canada's Prime Minister he is well-known here. Born in Nova Scotia fifty-eight years ago, Mr. Borden was a Liberal as a young man, but he entered Parliament in 1896 as a Conservative, and eleven years ago was chosen leader of the party.

One has only to look at the picture of the Rt. Hon. Robert to know that he is British to the backbone, and of Scot blood at that. He is a handsome man with beautiful wavy hair parted in the middle: a fine brow, and a determined chin. He doesn't look like an orator, and he isn't one. He can speak clearly and well, and in debate is a great force, but for haranguing a crowd and stirring the stones of Toronto to rise, he is not a patch on Brutus or the late lamented Mark Antony, which shows that he is a true modern.

Cynics might say that Mr. Borden discovered early on that our Canadian cousins didn't want to be adopted or abducted by America; that they did think lovingly of the old folk at home; and would, in their well-to-do days, love to do something for the Empire which has sent Canada much of its best blood and brains.

Whether Mr. Borden was actuated by this opportunism or not when he changed his party we, not being thought-readers, cannot say. But whatever his motive there is no doubt that he has devoted himself to the elaboration of detail necessary to the manifestation of these ideas and sentiments. Thereby he has "got there."

As we said some time ago, it seems to be Canada's intention to help to keep the British Empire great and guaranteed to wear longer than Rome or Carthage did—and that is quite enough to make us shout "Bravo for Borden."

CHESHIRE READER WINS "FIRSTS AND LASTS" FIRST PRIZE.

The Modern Woman's Page.

"Something to hang new garments on." This is an American paper's description of women. It sounds like a bachelor, and a disappointed bachelor at that.

The writer should be given a chance to spend his days in a nursery where a woman is trying to keep the peace between her kiddies, or in the kitchen, where the poor thing is breaking her back over a cooking range that will neither be threatened nor cajoled.

He would see side lights then.

* * *

Employment Agencies.

The reports about the granting of licenses to the 850 employment agencies of which the Metropolis alone can boast must have proved interesting reading to many women. In some cases, possibly, they awakened painful reminiscences. No doubt many of the agencies are hard put to it to make both ends meet, and consequently ought not to be hastily condemned. But some of the particulars do not read well.

In one case 1,335 persons paid a fee of 5s. and 111 paid a fee of 2s. 6d., and out of these 1,446 persons only 197 appeared to have been suited. This was a ladies' employment agency. Considering what 5s. may mean to a young woman out of work, there is something really cruel about a system which can only give such results.

Fee snatching is not a kind phrase to use, but at least the case is one of unjust stewardship.

* * *

Queen Alexandra.

We hear with satisfaction that Queen Alexandra contemplates taking a more active place in public life than she has done of late years. Hers has always been a beneficient influence, but the social duties of the court, and later the retirement of mourning, have prevented her from filling a sphere she would always have chosen.

Now these disabilities no longer hinder, and she is free to be a powerful leader in a number of kind and generous movements that are dear to her.

She has the good wishes of every woman in the land.

* * *

Beauty and Brains seldom go together.

He told his love; the lady yawned
  As though his language made her tired,
For she had heard her father say
  He'd just been fired!
And clerks are poor; alas! alack!
But worse than hopeless with the sack!

But now she's heard his aunt is dead,
  And he has got what's left behind,
Her smile when greeting him, I think,
  Must meet behind.
For legacies make quite a diff.,
And help to heal a lovers' tiff.

* * *

Celery Cheese.

Take a head of celery, boil until tender, drain and cut into neat lengths. Whilst the celery is cooking, prepare a white sauce in this manner. Mix smoothly in a saucepan 1oz. of butter and 1oz. of flour, add half a pint of milk (water would do) and stir all over the fire until the sauce boils and thickens. Cook for ten minutes, then stand aside and mix some Colman's mustard with milk. Take a dessert spoonful of the made mustard and stir into the white sauce. Add to the sauce 4oz. of grated cheese and 1oz. of fine bread crumbs.

Now add the celery and season with salt and pepper to taste. Turn all into a well buttered fire-proof dish and bake in a sharp oven.

* * *

Cheap Charity.

The spirit of Christmas is upon us. Unfortunately it only stimulates some people to added meanness—and the art of cutting down charity to the vanishing point is more in evidence at this time of year than any other. "One must give, I suppose; but let us do the giving at the least expense to ourselves." That would seem to be the key-note of many folks' thoughts as the season of good will draws nearer.

Only the other day I heard a would-be Lady Bountiful in a drapery establishment asking for "the very cheapest flannelette you keep. It must be the cheapest because it is only wanted for Christmas gifts to the poor people."

It used to be flannel; now the worthless substitute is used to make garments for the poor and needy. Signs of the times! Visions of children burnt to death, of infirm old women setting light to their charity clothing rose before my mind's eye. But the Lady Bountiful had swept out after giving her munificent order for Christian (?) charity—her contribution to Christmas!

But there is some satisfaction in knowing that she will only get credit for the cheapest flannelette and the mean motive that prompted its purchase when the Great Auditor makes up His Christmas books.

* * *

"The Hats."

Girls of bygone days wore hats,
Think of it—the stupid flats.
Styles so simple and so crude.
Nowadays upon their heads
Women carry feather beds;
Footballs, flower pots, laundry bags,
Bales of feathers or of rags,
Jungle growth of trees and shrubs,
Dishpans, saucepans, jardinieres,
Sofa cushions, flights of stairs,
Baskets, green, pink, and brown,
Right side up, and upside down;
Pyramids and Eiffel Towers,
Garden plots of gorgeous flowers;
Buckets, barrels, hives of bees,
Boxes meant for fruit and cheese,
Anything, in short, but hats.

YOU MUST GO IN FOR "FIRSTS AND LASTS."

FIRSTS AND LASTS

Grand New Money-making and Fascinating Winter Evening Pastime.

Big Cash Prizes for Clever Readers.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" is our latest Grand Competition for the amusement and substantial profit of our thousands of Readers. Whatever amount is received, be it

£200

or more the whole will be distributed among the competitors sending in what are adjudicated by a competent staff to be the best "Firsts and Lasts." Here Readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with magnificent prizes. So begin now and go on building; the bigger the better.

How to make Firsts and Lasts.

Here is an example of what is meant by "Firsts and Lasts." If you examine the two words Trick Cyclists, you will find the first and last letters are "T" and "S," so that your "Firsts and Lasts" might be Turn Somersaults.

"Firsts and Lasts" must be written on coupons taken from this page, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

These should be made payable to "Modern Man" and crossed "and Co." Do not send cheques.

You may send in two "Firsts and Lasts" on each coupon for Sixpence.

If any question arises as to the awards, or any other matter relating to the competition, the same must be decided by the Editor, whose decision is final, and readers are only allowed to enter on this understanding.

Competitors may send in as many "Firsts and Lasts" as they like, but every double attempt must be written in ink on the coupons provided and accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

In sending more than one coupon a Postal Order for the amount covering the number dispatched will do.

Postal Orders only should be sent.

This week "Firsts and Lasts" may be constructed from the following examples:—

PRETTY ACTRESSES	RAILWAY STRIKERS
BANKERS' FORTUNES	CATCH QUESTIONS
ECCENTRIC PEOPLE	DOCTORS' DODGES
CANADA'S GIFT	WASTED SYMPATHY
SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS	BLIGHTED HOPES
PRINCIPAL BOYS	SUSPICIOUS WIVES

"Firsts and Lasts" Coupon No. 6.

CLOSES DECEMBER 24th.

Words Selected.	"Firsts and Lasts."
Address	
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
No. Postal Order	

If you use coupon send Sixpence, if you use both of these coupons send One Shilling.

Words Selected.	"Firsts and Lasts."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

Send in by Tuesday, 24th December. But don't wait till the Closing Day. Whenever received, every Coupon will be judged solely on its merits, but Competitors are requested to send their attempts as early as possible to facilitate the work of adjudicating. Please mark envelopes "Firsts and Lasts," "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and write "Competition" No. 6 in the top left-hand corner of the envelopes.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEWSAGENTS.—In order to encourage newsagents, booksellers, etc., who sell Modern Man to take an interest in our "Firsts and Lasts" Competition, we invite readers to fill in space allowed the name and address of the Newsagent or other person from whom he or she purchased Modern Man so that special prizes may be awarded.

SIX READERS DIVIDE £25.

No. 6 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In the No. 6 Football Competition six readers succeeded in forecasting twelve correct results out of sixteen matches given, and, therefore, divide the prize of £25, each receiving £4 3s. 4d.

The fortunate persons are:—

GEORGE HEWITT, 95, Harrison Street, Bloxwich, Walsall.

WM. GREGORY, 4, Besson Street, New Cross.

W. DOBLE, 15, Cedar Road, Croydon.

S. MORRIS, Belle Vue Hotel, Aberystwyth.

F. THOMPSON, 27, Station Road, Brixton.

H. WHITLOCK, 194, Powes Street, Woolwich.

Our Hatter's Note: "Felt."

CHESHIRE READER WINS TREMIER "FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.

KNEADING EXERCISE.

Stand erect with the hands at the sides. Raise the legs alternately as high as possible, bending them at the hip and knee as much as you can.

Clasp the hands in front of the knee as it comes up, and press it towards your body as hard as possible.

This should be done rapidly, one leg being brought up as soon as the other touches the ground, and the thigh being pressed in to the body and then released, without being held.

This is an excellent suppling exercise, and is strongly recommended to those who wish to reduce the size of their abdomen.

As a brisk exercise for cold winter mornings, when you want a vigorous exercise to warm you up, it has few rivals.

Weight Increase.

I am often asked by correspondents how weight may be reduced, but it is not often that I am requested to explain a method whereby one may put on weight. "A.R." (Lytham) wishes to increase his weight, as he is now very "scraggy."

First and foremost, he must practice exercising rather slowly. Sleep eight to ten hours, dress warmly, eat principally cereals, eggs, nuts, milk and drink hot water. Vegetables should be partaken freely of, also beef and fowl. Eat plenty of whole wheat bread.

"L.W." (Hull) suffers much from neuralgia, and cannot obtain any benefit from the use of physic.

One would not expect athletes and physical culturists to suffer from a disease of the nerves, such as neuralgia is. Nevertheless, such is often the case.

Mental worry or any physical strain will often usher in an attack, and the approach of "staleness" is sometimes indicated by severe nervous pains in the head and limbs.

Physic is of very little use in such cases, except, perhaps, in the form of a good tonic. Rest and freedom from worry are the best relieving agents. A thorough change of air should be obtained if possible.

Let "L.W." apply a sponge dipped in boiling water, in which a little vinegar is added, as hot as can be borne to the temples, behind the ears, and at the back of the neck. This will be found to give great relief.

Lung Testing.

The usual method of lung testing is by recourse to the microbe-infested penny-in-the-slot machines.

A simple home method of lung testing can be carried out as follows:

Obtain a good-sized strong paper bag, and place it on a table so that the open end projects over the edge.

On the top of the bag lay a piece of cardboard, and on that an ordinary weight, say, a pound for a start.

If a weight is not available, a book will answer the purpose if stood on end.

Now grasp the end of the bag with thumb and first finger, and blow out the bag, until the weight is lifted some inches from the table.

The weights may be gradually increased until you have found the maximum lifting power of your lungs, which will at the same time profit from the exercise.

Another method, but one requiring a small outlay, is by means of a long U-shaped glass tube half filled with water. You blow down one end and check the power of your lungs by the height to which the water rises in the other arm.

BRIEF REPLIES.

A. B. B. (Sheffield).—Yes, I would advise you to write.

J. G. (Glamorgan) says that his work is very hard, and that he frequently feels "all of a tremble." He adds that he eats the best of food, but no meat. Perhaps that explains it.

D. H. (Brixton).—Should recommend you to see a doctor. His fee for examining you will be well spent, for your mind will be set at rest.

J. J. (Liverpool).—The St. Settef course of Will-Culture is extremely interesting, and of great benefit.

A. B. (Leeds) and C. P. (Sutton) both request me to give an exercise for round shoulders. A regular course of physical culture is the best remedy, and a very old tip, but a good one, when walking in the street, is to carry yourself so that the back of your neck is always touching your collar.

D. M. B. (Glasgow).—Your measurements are fair, but clearly you do not take enough exercise. The way you perspire during your dancing lessons is due to nothing but want of condition. Surely you can manage a good walk on Saturday or Sunday. You may not feel the want of exercise now, but you will pay for it later.

IN THE RING.

What Well Known Boxers are Doing.

Johnny Summers gained a popular victory over Sid Burns at headquarters, which established him as the one and only amongst the welterweights. Sid was married three days later, which event proved a far more enjoyable "ring" engagement for the clever London welter.

Summers is now strutting round looking for further spoil, and is anxious to make that Lonsdale belt his own property in the near future. Good luck, Johnny!

* * *

Hughie Mehegan, from the land of the Southern Cross, tackles Freddie Welsh to-night in what will be the most important contest of his career. To the most unbiassed mind, Mehegan cannot possess the least chance with the Welshman unless he can hand out a k.o. before the twentieth round.

It is a case of science against strength, and taking a line through the law of average, science, in the person of Freddie Welsh, must conquer.

* * *

John Arthur Johnson, in the face of extremely adverse circumstances, has married the girl of his heart. For cool cheek, Jack annexes the bun.

* * *

Battling Nelson, the ex-lightweight champion of the world, again announces his intention of "coming back." Why doesn't somebody chain him up?

* * *

Last week we announced that Johnny Kilbane was matched with our Eddie Morgan. Since then Kilbane has shown speedy footwork in ducking out of the match. He has evidently heard something about Eddie.

* * *

P.O. Curran and Private Voyles (Irish Guards) are down to box twenty rounds at the King's Hall, S.E., on Friday next, for the Irish Heavyweight Championship and the right to meet Bombardier Wells. Needless to say, Billy doesn't lie awake at night over the result.

HEIGHT INCREASED

Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth** of **shoulder**, **general health** and **business personality.** Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system, **involving no special appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit,** and **no drugs.** PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

"MODERN MAN" and SELF-RELIANCE.

In his "Answers to Correspondents," the "Modern Man" Physical Culture Expert writes:—"WEAK (Blackpool).—Your failure is evidently due to lack of self-reliance. The course taught by the St. Settef Institute (Dept. M.), Perth, N.B., will give you self-control and confidence in yourself."

BE SELF-RELIANT.—The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture "teaches" how to develop your Self-Control, and will raise you in the estimation of the men and women you meet. The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6 (foreign postage 6d. extra). THIS IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE. Course sent in plain sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M). PERTH, N.B.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height),
Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

DEVOTE TO-NIGHT TO FILLING IN COUPONS.

YOU CAN START TO-DAY.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wage of Sin is Death.)

By

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SOME CHARACTERS IN OUR EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

JASMINE FLOYD, the beautiful daughter of Wellington Floyd, of Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead.

WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City," rich, and a Churchwarden.

CARL STUTTERMANN, a bully who poses as a friend of Floyd's.

HARRY EARLE, nephew of Lord Clarestoke, a convict serving ten years' penal servitude.

MARY GLOVER, a poor girl whom Jasmine meets accidentally.

HONOURABLE LEONARD SHOREHAM, son and heir of Lord Clarestoke.

TIGG, butler at Lord Clarestoke's in Eaton Square.

Jasmine shows Carl Stuttermann a letter, which tells her that her father is the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the Metropolis. Stuttermann says it is quite true, and laughing the laugh of a bully and a brute, informs her that if she fails to lunch with him at his house in Chelsea on the following day, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, should be in the hands of the police within an hour.

Earle effects a dramatic escape from Portmill Prison, in order to try to track down his destroyers, and to tell Jasmine of his love for her, which is reciprocated.

Jasmine sets out in a dense fog to travel to Chelsea by a tube train which is wrecked in a collision, and among the slightly injured passengers is a girl, named Mary Glover, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order to secure money to obtain letters belonging to her from a man who had threatened to show them to her lover, consents to change clothes and impersonate Jasmine at the luncheon.

Using a key which Stuttermann lent her on condition that she promised to lunch with him, Jasmine gained admission to a villa in Regent's Park. While secreted behind a cabinet, she hears her father, who is disguised, negotiating with a stranger for the purchase of the stolen Great Sunstone diamond, and later she is amazed to see Harry Earle in the room and to hear him address her father: "You scoundrel, you know me, don't you. I am Harry Earle, whom you—"

But he gets no farther, for at that very moment police officers rush into the room and there is a wild stampede in darkness.

Upon escaping from the house, Jasmine goes to Stuttermann's residence to fetch Mary Glover, and is horrified to find her dead at the luncheon table.

Earle also visits the place, and the truth known, he springs at Stuttermann, strikes him down, rendering him unconscious, and then leaves the house, followed by a doctor, shouting for the police.

Lennie Shoreham is perturbed when he hears from Jasmine, now known as Miss Henry, of her promise to marry Earle, and, disguised as a warder, visits Earle, who has been re-arrested, at Portmill Prison, and tells him that he (Earle) is the real heir to the Clarestoke peerage, adding, "I am a woman, not a man, and am mad with love for you."

In the prison hospital Earle is called to the bedside of a dying convict, who says he has a message for him.

CHAPTER V. (continued).

ON THE WAY TO LIGHT.

"Speak! What are you saying about Jasmine Floyd? Quick! Quick! Don't let the faintness get the better of you yet! Orderly, is there any brandy to keep life in him?"

"When the doctor comes along there may be a drop, but not else. 'Ere, you'd better 'old up, my young gent! You're nearly as bad as he is; even though you aren't within an ace of kicking the bucket. 'Ere, if you'll promise as I shall be paid a fiver for it by some friend o' yours when I get outside this orful place. I'll give you and the other cuss a taste of some 'eavenly spirit that'll keep you going for a bit. I've got it in a little medicine bottle down a mouse-hole here. The doctor ordered it two nights ago for Number Four Hundred, as was dyin' an' I sneaked it afore he could drink it, knowing he wouldn't live to tell the tale. What's the good of fortifying the dying unless they've got something vallyable to tell, like this man 'ere."

He slipped aside into the shadow, and presently returned with a small bottle, some of whose contents he poured down the throat of the dying prisoner in the bed. Then he offered Harry Earle a few drops, but Harry refused it.

"No, I'll see that you're paid one day for what you've given this poor fellow, if I get the chance, but I don't want any myself. I'm not dying myself, yet, and I can hear and understand—God be thanked! . . . The brandy has done some good. His breathing is better."

He stooped his face close again to the face of the still unknown convict who had made himself ill, and now was near his end.

"There's nothing like a drop o' spirit," muttered the orderly. "Yes—listen now! E's speaking; 'e's saying what 'e said afore about the thousand quid."

"A thousand quid is what you'd have to fork out for what I'm going to tell you, if I wasn't drawin' my last breath and we was both outside these cursed walls, instead of inside 'em," gasped out the dying convict, speaking with a last desperate flicker of his ebbing strength, under the influence of the orderly's stolen brandy. "But now—I'm telling you for Jasmine Floyd's sake. Jasmine Floyd nursed my poor old mother when she was dying, and I'm in a mortal funk lest she should look at me in a piteous sort o' way with them eyes of hers that used to be so beautiful, and ask me why I didn't clear things for you a bit, seeing that she loved you so. For, you see, Mr. Earle, I knew something about the chap that planted them stolen di'monds in your rooms. I could have said a lot at your trial, but they'd paid me to 'old my tongue."

"Paid you?" Harry Earle's eyes locked into the glazing eyes below his own. "Who paid you?"

"The Lord knows; I don't." A hoarse gurgle that was a mockery of a laugh came from the lips that soon would close for ever. "I was servant to a gent. that 'ad rooms over yours in Manchester Street; and the night of that robbery and drugging that you're doin' time 'ere for. I slipped out late to 'ave a breath of air, when I see'd a gent. letting 'imself into your rooms. It wasn't my business, but I thought it queer. 'E fumbled with the key, and didn't let 'imself in quick. Any'ow, it struck me as queer. I didn't stop long outside, and when I came back, 'e'd gone, and I see'd somethin' shinin' on the floor, and I picked it up, and it was a gold tie clip. Inside it there was scratched on the gold two letters—'G. G.'"

He stopped to get his breath, which was failing him. Then he went on hurriedly and brokenly:

"I was just lookin' at it when the chap came hurrying back. He was muffled up a lot—the night bein' blowy and rainy—and I couldn't see much of his mug—only his eyes. They was like two live coals. He said as he'd give me five 'undred quid to return him that tie-clip and forget them two letters 'G. G.' as I'd seen scratched on it, and 'old my tongue about everything. I didn't know what 'e was up to. I took 'is money. Five 'undred quid was a reg'lar fortune to me. But the next day when I see'd the papers, I knew what 'e'd been in your rooms for. I knew 'e'd been there to plant on you them two or three stones belonging to the jewels stolen from the lydy at the party

SIX READERS DIVIDE OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

in the 'swell 'ouse. And I knew that I ought to speak up, because what I'd got to tell would 'ave gone a good way to save you. But there was the cursed money."

Harry Earle's tongue was parched with the fever that devoured him. His brain whirled more and more. Yet, gripping the dying man's shoulder, he questioned him:

"You're sure of the letters scratched on the tie clip? You're sure they were G. G.?"

"Sure?" Again the hoarse gurgling laugh sounded in the throat of the man whose soul was struggling to part from his body. "Don't I see 'em written in fire afore my eyes at this very minute? Yes, an' written in blood, too—for that gal as loved you wouldn't 'ave been dead now if you 'adn't been convicted and sent off from 'er to do a ten years' laggin'. But I'm 'appier now I've told you. Find that man that dropped the tie clip. Find 'im—and it'll be all right. 'E was at your rooms that night just twenty minutes after the lydy 'ad been robbed in the swell West End 'house—just long enough to git there. Now you can curse me if you like, as 'ard as I've been cursing the pains in my inside. You've got good cause to do it. But the rhino never did me any good. I lost the 'ole bloomin' lot by takin' the tips of a pack of racing blokes. I couldn't be 'appy in service again, so I took to doin' a bit in the crib crackin' line, and to drinkin'. That's what landed me 'ere and made me swaller that glass so as I might save people trouble by takin' myself off the face of the bloomin' earth."

"Tell me what that man looked like, the man that got into my rooms and lost his tie-clip," Harry Earle demanded.

"Can't—can't," came the jerked out answer. "Couldn't see—only his eyes—like live coals. I could swear to those eyes if I saw 'em again. But I never shall see 'em nor anything else after the next ten minutes. I should 'ave been gone already if 'e 'adn't been for that drop o' brandy. 'Ere, I say, Mr. Earle, you'd better buck up or you'll be goin' under, too. Never you mind about your 'andsome sweetheart bein' dead. She wouldn't want you to follow 'er, but to live to get out of 'ere and get your name clean an' sweet again. That's what you've got to do. There must 'ave been a reg'lar band of sharp 'uns against you. They must 'ave fixed on you for their scapegoat afore they did that ugly job at the swell 'ouse, and you've got to find 'em and clear yourself. 'G. G.' must stand for that chap's real name, or 'e wouldn't 'ave 'ad it scratched on 'is tie-clip. So you look out for a swell mobsman called George something or other, and then you'll be right. And Jasmine Floyd 'ull be glad—even though her body's lyin' in a grave."

"How did you know she was anything to me?" cried Harry Earle, amazedly. "Because it's only the last few days—since I escaped from here to go to her that—that—"

He broke off, his eyes blind, his whole frame shaking. His grip of the other man's shoulder was relaxing, but now the other man had got hold of his hand.

"It was a low down half-German brute called Stuttermann as told me—long ago, just after you'd got convicted. 'Ee said as 'e was jealous of you because 'e wanted Jasmine Floyd 'imself, and she wouldn't 'ave 'im, and 'e knew it was because she was in love with you and your bein' a convict didn't matter to 'er a bit. I say, sir—Mr. Earle—if, when you get out from 'ere, you can play that there Carl Stuttermann a bad turn, it'll do me good, even in my grave. And don't you believe as Miss Floyd died natural in his house. If she did die there, as I've 'eard she did, then 'e must 'ave killed 'er. S'help me, but when I think of 'im I'm sorry I swallered them there bits o' broken glass. I should 'ave liked to get out an' do for 'im. But now it's you that 'ave got to do it. So don't you go under. You rise up agin' everything an' go back an' make 'em all pay—make 'em all pay. Mind 'G. G.'—tall, with eyes all aglow like two furnaces—and with 'ands like a woman's, white—sickly white for a man, and small—just right for 'andling ticklish keys as 'e'd got made from wax moulds. Make 'em all pay, Harry Earle! Make 'em all pay."

But Harry Earle did not hear these last words. He had fainted as he stooped over the other convict's bed, and now he fell in a heap to the floor. When he came to his senses again, he found that some of the brandy left in the secret bottle was being forced down his throat.

"You've got to get up and cross the ward somehow, back to you own bed, or there'll be a bad time of it for me," growled the convict orderly in his ear. "If the night warder was to wake up, he'd report me. Come on! I'll help you to walk; never mind looking at this bed 'ere. It'll be empty in a few minutes. We never leave a body here filling up a bed. This one will be packed into a neat little black deal box presently. You'd better mind that you don't get put into another such box afore long. You're pretty bad. It wouldn't take much to finish you off; you're shaking like a dog in a wet sack. What's brought you to this? Was it the punishment cell and the bread an' water, or was it something as the strange warder told you out at the quarry when the mist came on?"

Harry Earle was near his own bed now, but he stopped and clutched tighter at the orderly's helping arm.

"The strange warder?" he gasped out. "What strange warder?"

"Why, some of the lags are sayin' that a chap in warder's uniform who didn't belong to the prison came all of a sudden into the middle of the working gangs, and darted up to you and spoke to you. They say as you dropped your pick at sight of 'im, just as if you'd been shot. I've been told that he looked like a screw right enough till you saw his face and that was too 'andsome for any of the screws here."

Harry Earle gasped again. Then he staggered towards his bed, reached it and fell down upon it.

So it had not been a dream of his delirium, then, that a strange figure in warder's uniform had come to him while he was working with the outdoor party just as the white mist came on?

It had been real! real!

"Yes, but though a strange man came up to me, he was not Lennie Shoreham," he told himself, struggling to see clearly into the mystery. "That's where the delirium of fever came in—in my thinking it was Lennie and that he told me those amazing things about his being a woman and my being my uncle's heir. I didn't know what I saw at that moment. The blood was singing in my head and ears. It is just the same now—or getting worse. I must be nearly dying. Thank God the chaplain has promised to tell me and to take a message—a last message to the outside world."

This hoped for and yet dreaded hour came with the dusk of the second day after this. Outside in the gloomy prison yards the steady winter rain came down, making it greyer and gloomier than ever. Inside the infirmary, in the ward in which Harry Earle lay, there was no light yet but the firelight which flickered about the bare walls—quite bare except for the texts that occasionally relieved the monotony—and shone upon the faces of the sick men in the narrow, coarsely covered beds, and on the figures of the doctor and his assistant and the convict orderlies moving about. Here and there, too, the firelight showed luxuries that might not have been expected here—grapes and peaches and port wine and jelly and even a glass of champagne—for when grievous illness came upon these felon patients they were refused nothing in the way of food which could relieve their suffering or help them to endure it. But there was no woman's quiet step upon the floor, no woman's hand to minister, and no woman's voice to soothe; and over all there brooded a curse—the curse of crime and of crime's punishment.

Harry Earle opened his eyes after a long spell of unconsciousness and saw the chaplain coming towards him. Opposite to him, on the wall, his gaze was caught at the same moment by the sudden flashing forth in the firelight of a gaily-coloured text: "Seek and ye shall find."

"It is too late now for me to seek," he told himself, reading in the chaplain's face what that kindly-hearted man had come to say to him. "It's all over with me. I'm going to join Jasmine—my Jasmine who went before me. Well, so let it be! If I were sure that I should meet her on the other side, I should pray that the next breath that I draw might be the last."

His eyes asked the question which for a moment he felt he could not bear to utter in words:

"Am I dying? Has the time come for you to keep the promise you gave me?"

"Yes." The chaplain bent his head rather than spoke the words, as he sat down by the bedside and looked with an almost tender pity at the handsome young fellow who watched him so eagerly. "The doctor told me half-an-hour ago that you might not live through to-night. I waited for you to come back to yourself and now I am here. There may be mercy shown you yet, but—"

"Mercy?" broke in Harry Earle, passionately. "Oh, sir, do you think it would be merciful for me to live on now that the woman I love is dead? If she were living still it would be different. It would be horrible to me then to think of death. But, as it is, I am praying to go—praying that I may find her. It would be only torture to live on here."

"Give me the message!" said the chaplain. He had taken a note-book from his pocket and now he drew forth a pencil. Was he hurrying because some other poor black sheep of this felon flock needed him? or was he afraid that the young convict towards whom he leaned might lose consciousness again before he had said all that he wanted to say—and lose it nevermore to recover it in this world?

Harry Earle drew his hand across his hot forehead as if he had pain there that was very hard to bear. Then he spoke quickly and low, but very clearly:

"The message I am going to give you must be sent to Mrs. Wellington Floyd, Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, London. The envelope must be addressed like that. Then, inside, please, write this:

With an effort he raised himself a little in bed. Again he spoke quickly and low, but very distinctly:

"I am dying here in the prison infirmary, dear Mrs. Floyd: and because you are the mother of the woman I loved, and because, too, you have always believed in me—and I know the goodness of your heart—I send you the last prayer of my own heart before it stops beating for ever. If Jasmine had not loved me, I should not have minded the world thinking me guilty, but because she loved me and had promised to wait for me, I feel that I want everything done to clear my name even after I am dead. I have found out beyond a doubt that the man Troop, of the Regent's Park villa, whom the police

ARE YOU USING ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS?

were looking for when I was re-arrested the other day, is the man who either himself committed the crime for which I am here with a felon's brand upon me, or else got some other to commit it. I found out that he passes on stolen property to an old Dutchman called Hedder. This man Hedder has a poor-looking second-hand shop in Whitechapel Road, but he can afford to buy stolen property worth hundreds of thousands of pounds.

"I have found out that it was he who bought the jewels that I am believed to have stolen. If you, or someone employed by you, can get him to say who it was that sold them to him, you will know who it was that has ruined my life.

"For God's sake follow this up! If you do so you will prove my innocence and will know that I was not unworthy of the love of your darling lost child—your Jasmine—who would have been mine if we had both lived, and who may be mine still in a better world than this.

"HARRY EARLE."

As he spoke his own name, the young convict sank back once more on his hard pillow.

"Now I am in the hands of Fate," he said. And later on, when the chaplain had left him, and evening had come, he thrust out his weakened arms into the dimness—arms that only a little while ago had been so strong!—and whispered softly.

"Jasmine, love, I am coming to you soon—very soon."

Then he lay waiting for the end, while in the other beds the sick prisoners cursed and moaned.

* * *

CHAPTER VI.

THE SILENT CALL.

"I am sorry to hear from Tigg, Jasmine, that you've been ill all the while I've been away."

The Honourable Leonard Shoreham, having returned to the family town house in Eaton Square late on the previous night, was paying a visit to Jasmine Floyd in a sort of box-room on the top floor of the house, adjoining the bedroom which Jasmine had occupied ever since that foggy night when she had begged for the meanest shelter there because, as the rich Miss Floyd, she had suddenly chosen to die to the world.

"Yes," she answered now. "I have been rather ill, but I am much better. I have not been ill enough to be in bed, you know, but only not quite well enough to get about. Tigg has looked after me splendidly. See how comfortable he has made this room as a sitting-room for me! It was only a lumber room when I first came up here. I owe him a great deal. And as for you—oh, I dare not think how much I owe you for all the kindness you have shown me! It is so good of you to let me be here secretly like this. And where have you been?"

"Oh, I've been having a little hunting. Have you wanted me?"

"I have wanted you—yes—although Tigg has done everything that could be done for me. And I believe he has kept the secret of my being here so well that no one in the house, and least of all your father, even so much as dreams of it."

"No, certainly my father doesn't dream that you are here, or anywhere else among the living," Lennie returned with a laugh. "How could he, when he knows you had a stately funeral at Hampstead, and are supposed to be lying at rest in the family grave? Look at this!"

The young heir to the Clarestoke peerage took a newspaper from one of the pockets of his morning-jacket, unfolded it, and held it out towards her, pointing to a particular column. Jasmine took it so eagerly that she seemed almost to snatch it.

Yes, there was the account of her own funeral. It began with the words: "The funeral of Miss Floyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Floyd, of Fitzjohn's Avenue, who died in such tragic circumstances while lunching at the house of a friend." She read the names of the people who had attended and other names of those who had sent wreaths, and learned with a terrible heart stab that her mother had been prostrated by her supposed loss. Oh, if she did not know so well how much more terrible an anguish that mother would suffer at the discovery that her husband was a criminal, she would not have been able to bear the thought of inflicting this pain upon her.

"And if I had gone back there after having been seen in that Regent's Park house, I should very surely have been recognised before long, and required to give evidence—evidence against my father on a charge of murder. And then—what would have been my mother's agony? Ah, no, it is all best as it is! Terrible though this separation is for my mother and me—it is yet a million times better than what would come if I went home again.

"What were the tragic circumstances in which you are supposed to have died in the house of a friend?" Lennie Shoreham asked, looking at her keenly.

"I cannot tell you, Lennie. The day may come when I shall be able to tell you, but I cannot do so yet."

"But someone must have died. They must have had someone to bury—and someone, too, who looked like you, though I should have thought that such a one would have been difficult to find."

The eyes of the young fellow were resting jealously at the moment on Jasmine's beauty—a beauty which did not suffer by illness and sorrow, but was as wonderful in pallor and even in haggardness as in the rosy roundness of health and heart sunshine.

If Jasmine Floyd had had any suspicions about Lennie Shoreham not being what he seemed, she would have seen that this look had a woman's envy in it.

But she suspected nothing. She would have thought it madness to dream for a moment that this young heir to Clarestoke was actually no male heir at all, but that the man who ought by right to succeed to the peerage after the death of Lennie's father, was the convict, Harry Earle.

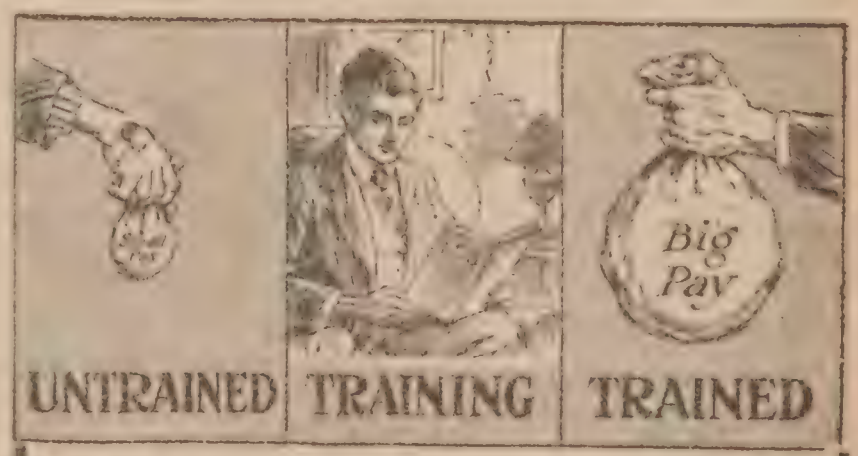
She answered Lennie's last words now:

"A girl who bore a very strong likeness to me did die, and has been buried in my name. This is the mystery which I cannot explain to you yet. One day I may bring myself to tell you everything—if only you will keep my secret."

Now she was scanning the columns of the newspaper for some information as to the police doings with regard to the man "Troop," whom nobody in all the world but herself and Carl Stuttermann knew to be her highly-respected father, Mr. Wellington Floyd.

But there was no news of "Troop" whatever—only the usual statement that the police were still engaged in endeavouring to trace this arch-scoundrel who was wanted by them, not

(Continued on page 1709.)



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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

A feature of the Stock Exchange during the past week has been the absolute collapse in Americans.

* * *

Numerous theories have been advanced for the recent decline in Americans, but beyond various rumours no sound reason is put forward for the slump.

* * *

Unions are down 18 points, and there are also heavy falls in Steels and the other leaders of the market.

* * *

I do not suppose many of my readers are interested in this market, but if so, I strongly advise them to leave it alone at present time.

* * *

The Home Rail Market has been nervous principally through the labour trouble on the North Eastern, but there are signs of improvement on the news that the strike is likely to be settled very soon.

* * *

Metropolitan Consolidated have shown little change since the carry over, and Districts keep steady. Brighton Deferred have gone back from the best, and South Eastern Deferred, which at one time were run up to 69, now stand at about 65½. Little Chats hold up wonderfully well.

* * *

I do not think there is any likelihood of there being any very active dealing in Rails this side of Christmas, and perhaps it will be as well for my speculative readers to leave the market alone until the New Year.

* * *

Little change is shown in Canadian Pacifics, and Grand Trunk Third have gone back on the new issue of capital. I advise readers to buy at the lower level.

* * *

Among industrials there has been a lot of selling of National Telephone Deferred, but the Marconi Group have shown a tendency to harden, although very little business has been doing here.

* * *

National Steam Cars are still a good purchase, and the report just issued is very favourable. After making allowance for depreciation and provision for writing off the cost of each 'bus, for a six months period the net profit is £11,422, and the dividend for the year is 10 per cent.

* * *

The weekly traffic reports of this company clearly show that The National Steam Cars are still making excellent headway. The prospects for the future are very bright.

* * *

Catering and hotel shares have been very quiet, but I cannot help feeling that Spiers and Ponds 6 per cent. preference should be worth picking up at about 3s. per £1 share, as this company is making a strenuous effort to put its house in order, and I am in a position to say the business is improving, and the hotels and restaurants doing much better.

* * *

Nothing whatever is doing in the mining market, and here again I suppose we shall have to wait until after the Christmas festivities before we are likely to see any active dealing.

* * *

Rhodesians keep steady, and that is about all that can be said of them.

* * *

I print below a report I received the other day from the Rhodesian Central Gold Mining Company:—

> "RHODESIAN CENTRAL GOLD MINING COMPANY.—Manager reports under date 25th October, 1912: 'That he has visited the new Tin discoveries in the Umtali Districts, and has formed a very favourable opinion of Field. He has pegged out a block of claims on behalf of the Company.'"

* * *

The prospects of The Rhodesian Central Gold Mining Company are excellent. Three shafts have been sunk on the reefs, which have been traced on the surface for over 3,600 feet, and payable ore is now being raised for future treatment.

Readers will remember in a recent issue I gave particulars of the assay of ore from the "Emerald Isle," certified by Messrs. Sulman and Pickard, of 44, London Wall. The result gave an average of 18 pennyweight, 7 grains to the ton, equal to £3 13s. 2d., which shows a net profit of about £2 10s. per ton of ore raised, and should this ratio be maintained after the erection of the machinery, a high rate of dividend can be paid.

* * *

The Manager of the Rhodesian Central has also procured an option on another valuable and proved mine. It is easy to see what these assets mean to so small a company with a capitalisation of £50,000.

* * *

Any readers wishing to secure the 10s. shares in the Rhodesian Central Gold Mining Company should communicate with me at once, and state the quantity that they wish to purchase.

* * *

The shares of the big mine of the Jungle, Ashanti Gold Fields, show some slight improvement in price since I advised my readers to purchase last week, and with such excellent prospects and big dividends knocking about I look that these shares are bound to go higher. The present quotation is about 22s.

* * *

Among Oils the Spies Petroleum Company have just declared an interim dividend of 9d. per share, which has been well received by the market. The output last week shows a substantial increase.

* * *

Ural Caspians are flat on the report just issued, but there has been some strong buying of Shell Transport.

* * *

Premier Oil show no improvement, but Maikop Pipe Line are the turn better.

* * *

The rubber market at the beginning of last week looked as if we were in for another little boomlet, but since the carry over reaction has set in and quotations all round are lower. Here again you need not worry about speculating in rubber shares until the New Year.

* * *

It is just as well, however, to watch the movement in prices of some of the most likely rubber shares for investment so as to pick up whatever you can afford to acquire at the right moment.

* * *

Among small priced dividend payers I would mention: Bikam Rubber at 5s. 6d.; Dolok 4s. shares at about 3s. 9d.; Kamuning 2s. shares at 4s. 6d.; Sengat Rubbers at 3s.; and Singapore Para at about 3s. 6d.

* * *

The best speculative favourites are Anglo Malay 2s. shares at 15s. 6d.; Linggi Plantations at 30s.: and Valambrosas at 25s. 6d.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

F.S. (Belper).—I know nothing against the Company you mention. As far as I can gather they are still doing good business.

G.S. (Surrey).—You had better not speculate with your £50 now, wait until the Christmas holidays are over, and then write me again.

S.M. (Clapham).—The strike on the North Eastern Railway is the principal reason for Railway Stock being marked down in price, but you have nothing to fear, instead I should advise you to invest your other £500 in District Ordinary and Great Northern Deferred.

G.R. (Harpenden).—Read my notes about Rhodesian Central. The Company is doing splendidly, and the shares are worth buying.

A.L. (Huddersfield).—The Company you mention is a bucket shop, and I cannot advise you to deal with them. If you want to buy stocks and shares I will send you the name of a member of the Stock Exchange.

D. B. (Cheshire).—See my reply to G. R.

L. M. (Lewes).—Do not buy any shares of the Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa. If you want to invest your money in Oils you can do much better by buying Spies Petroleum, an excellently managed Company and a dividend-paying one.

G. B. (Brighton).—There are many better banks than Farrow's to invest your money in, but all the same I believe Farrow's bank is doing good business and is a very useful Bank for small shopkeepers.

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only as a receiver of stolen goods, but on the charge of murdering a plain-clothes detective from New Scotland Yard.

"Why, what have you seen there that makes you turn so white?" Lennie Shoreham asked suddenly, watching her with growing keenness.

"Did I turn white? I am afraid I am always pale now. I am not very well."

Jasmine's hand was shaking as she turned over the sheets of the newspaper. She was searching for an announcement that a certain girl called Mary Glover had disappeared on a certain date and that her relatives hoped that the public would help them to find her. She wanted to know the address of Mary Glover's mother or lover, so that she might have sent them some anonymous message of comfort. But there was no announcement of the disappearance, no appeal to the lost one to return home—nothing.

As she handed back the newspaper to Leonard Shoreham, she went nearer to him and spoke very earnestly and pleadingly:

"Lennie, there is something more I want to ask you to do for me. Will you promise to do it?"

"Tell me what it is first."

"You know that Harry Earle believes me to be dead. He must be breaking his heart. My own heart is nearly breaking at the thought of it. I cannot do anything myself, because I have no money and I have to keep myself hidden, but you who are rich and free can do anything you want to. Will you try to get a private personal message into Portmill Convict Prison somehow to Harry, to tell him that I am not dead at all, but living and loving him more than ever? Oh, Lennie, will you do this for me? I shall bless you all my life if you will. And, after all, Harry Earle is your own cousin. Even though your father has always hated him, he is of the same blood as you are. Lennie, will you do this? You know how much I love Harry, and how much he loves me! He may commit suicide in that terrible prison, believing that I am gone. Lennie, Lennie, will you get a secret message sent in to him?"

Before any answer could be given her, there came sounds of voices outside, startling them both. Lennie Shoreham sprang forward.

"If you don't want to be seen, you had better hide somewhere," he said.

But Jasmine Floyd made no movement to hide. For in that sudden springing forward, Lennie had dropped something—something that seemed to have fallen out of the breast pocket of his coat. And that something lay between them on the floor, and Jasmine Floyd was looking at it with dilated eyes that showed uttermost consternation.

It was a tiny bit of drab stuff with a black broad arrow stamped upon it.

Lennie Shoreham stooped to pick it up. But Jasmine was before him. Desperately she caught up the morsel of cloth with the ugly and ominous brand upon it and ran with it to the window. There, as she looked at it in the light, a cry broke from her lips:

"Where did you get this? This is Harry Earle's. It came from him. It has his sign upon it, made in blood—the old sign of a cross inside a circle that he always used to send me when he needed me. This is his silent call to me. Where did you get it? For the love of Heaven, tell me! Where did you get it? For I must go to him. I must go!"

(To be continued.)

Another long instalment of Our Thrilling Serial will appear next week.

Tell your Newsagent to-day to order "Modern Man" for you. Then you will not be disappointed.

THEATRE NOTES & NOTIONS.

The opportunity of seeing "Oliver Twist" at the Lyceum should not be missed if you can help it. It is only being staged for a very short period, which is indeed a pity, as, from the point of view of general excellence, comparison with Sir Herbert Tree's production of this same drama at His Majesty's four years ago is quite permissible. High praise indeed, but well earned. Perhaps Mr. Melville will give it us back after the panto.—it is too good for so short a run.

* * *

I find myself fascinated, against my better judgment, by the wonderful protean veteran, Bouwmeister, in his gruesome "Grip," at present thrilling suburban audiences.

I chased him from Holborn Empire to the Hammersmith Palace in order to analyse my sentiments the better, and I am left wondering why I still want another dose of a sketch I thoroughly hate.

He told me, with what French we had at our disposal and the aid of his manager, that he strongly desires to play Shakespeare before he leaves for the Continent again. He did actually mention which rôle, but as his wishes are likely to materialise ere long, I won't give it away yet.

* * *

"Ready Money" at the New has, I hope, many weeks to run yet. This is one of those few plays that stand quite well the severe test of a second or third visit. Allen Aynesworth's Princely Crook, the well-bred financial failure, portrayed by Kenneth Douglas, and versatile Miss Hilda Antony, form a happy combination, the like of which is seen much too infrequently.

W. R. CHILTON REECE.

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"FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS.

We have great pleasure in announcing the names of the third batch of prize winners in connection with our grand winter evening pastime, "Firsts and Lasts."

The first prize of £4 goes to:—

C. O. MOSELEY, 9, Green Lane, Hazel Grove, Cheshire.

The winning "First and Last" is:—

AT SEA: A-BED—A-BOARD.

FRANK AIREY, 41, Bamford Road, Didsbury, Manchester.

takes the second prize, £2 5s., with:—

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Ten prizes of 5s. each are awarded to:—

GEORGE WHITFIELD, 110, Manchester Road, Swinton, Lancs.
S. BARLING, Berwyn, Cromwell Road, Whitstable.
H. SPIER, 26, Ashdell Road, Sheffield.
F. FOWLER, 25, Blue Street, Carmarthen, S. Wales.
J. HEPTONSTALL, 101, Westminster Road, Morecambe, Lancs.
MRS. WHARTON, 58, The Grove, Ealing, W.
FRANK H. NEWELL, Coventry House, Malvern Link.
A. J. PHILLIPS, 26, Hunter Hill Road, Hunter's Bar, Sheffield.
W. G. BROMFIELD, 311, Norwich Road, Ipswich.
S. WORTHINGTON, 7, Green Lane, Hazel Grove, Stockport.

Newsagent's Prize.—Mr. Moseley purchased his *Modern Man* from Mr. John Wood, London Road, Hazel Grove, Cheshire, to whom a cheque will be sent.

ON THE ROAD.

Cycle Notes and Bargains

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

The "knuts" who will have everything of the very latest, are well catered for in the lighting department, for in addition to various schemes for the electric lighting of a motor-bike it is now possible to purchase cylinders of compressed acetylene gas giving something like 30 hours light. Provided facilities are given for exchange of full for empty cylinders at a reasonable figure there should be a big demand for this really useful accessory.

The Law and Weight.

Bearing in mind the section of the Motor Car Act that regulates the weight above which all four-wheeled vehicles must be fitted with a reverse, purchasers of some of the cycle cars recently on exhibition will find themselves in a hole, if the letter of the law is strictly interpreted.

December is the month in which one settles down with pencil and paper and figures out the cost per mile of the season's running, then writes to the motor-cycling Press about it. Several letters have already appeared in which the cost of running has varied from ½d. to 6d. per mile.

I was informed at Olympia by several of the salesmen on popular stands that so keen were would-be purchasers on their particular machines, that in order to obtain one they were offering one-year-old machines, in part payment at ridiculous prices, which offers, owing to the number of cash orders, had to be declined.

Firms and Cut-outs.

I would suggest that anyone seeking a practically new mount at bargain price should write to these firms asking to be put in touch with a prospective purchaser anxious to dispose of his old mount.

Many firms anticipating the effect of the law prohibiting the use of cut-outs, which comes into force in March, have not fitted them on current models. This is a pity, as a cut-out comes in useful in climbing stiff hills; but, like every other law, I expect some way will be found to evade it by those of a mechanical turn of mind.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Minerva, 2 h.p., M.O.V., new tyres, £10.—Motor, Box 70, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Bat. J.A.P., 8 h.p., Whittle Belt, £47.—Motor, Box 71, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

CYCLES.

Chater-Lea, 23in., light roadster, Palmer's best fittings, 50/- cash.—H. Richardson, 30, Ockenden Road, London, N.

B.S.A. Gent's Coaster-hub, good tyres, £3 10s.—Cycle, Box 35, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

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Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

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Name and Address _____

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

BILLY'S VIEW.

Billy: "Wot 'as she bin gittin 'erself a noe 'at?"

Jerry: "Looks that way doan it."

Billy: "Pon my word, the millinary we sees is enough to make us chaps confirmed bachelors."

What's in your Cigarette?

You really ought to know.

The BEST safeguard is to make your own, selecting a *Good* Tobacco and rolling it in the well-known Cigarette Paper **"A.G."**

The Brand "A.G." is guaranteed pure and free from chemicals, thus ensuring a *Cool* and *More Lasting* smoke.

The special process of manufacture imparts to

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that essential strength combined with extreme thinness which go to make up the perfect cigarette.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THERE IS PLENTY OF SCOPE IN "FIRSTS AND LASTS."

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BLACKENING BROWN LEGGINGS.

It often happens that a man has amongst his possessions a pair of brown leggings that have been scratched in places, or that have lost their good looks through the staining hand of time.

In such a case I should strongly advise the owner to blacken them.

The application of a raw potato to the surface of the leather, and a subsequent rubbing with ink, has often been advocated, and it might do very well if it were not that the ink rubs off and makes a hopeless mess of your hands and everything else with which they come into contact.

The right way is to buy a threepenny bottle of black leather dye from any oil and colourman and to apply it to the leather. It will stain the leggings a deep black that will not rub off, and they may be finished off when the dye is perfectly dry with an application of ordinary black polish.

In the matter of buttons there is not very much difficulty. The buttons generally to be found on a pair of brown leggings are made of horn, and the black leather dye will stain these quite effectually, as also it does the thread with which the buttons are sewn on.

Be careful to stain the underside of the legging just opposite the button-holes, for if you leave that brown it will be observed by anyone who may be looking at you sideways.

WINTER SHIRTS.

Shirts without cuffs are not advisable for summer wear, but for winter use the cuffs may well be dispensed with, and with a shirt of flannel or flannelette is certainly unsightly.

In winter, also, an overcoat is so often worn that cuffs become unnecessary.

SKATING ACCESSORIES.

Now that modern men are living in hopes of being able to indulge in skating during the coming winter, a word about "accessories" will not be out of place.

Among the things that are pressed upon the novice are skating boots. As a rule these are cut tremendously high in the ankles, and brought to acute points fore and aft.

The idea is that they give special support and eliminate the risk of strain. Whether they really do so is a matter of opinion.

There is something extremely effeminate about this type of boot, and effeminacy in a man's appearance is a thing I greatly detest.

For all ordinary skating, you will find that ordinary heavy boots, which are generally cut about an inch higher than the usual lighter City boot, will answer the purpose admirably.

BRIEF REPLIES.

ARTHUR (Dowlais).—Putting too much oil on your boots makes them so that they will not polish. But there is really no need for a heavy pair of boots to be polished, provided they are clean.

J. C. H. (Aberdare.—(a) Yes; (b) yes; (c) fawn; (d) 5s. 6d.; (e) both; (f) yes.

"MALE" (Glasgow).—There is nothing foppish about wearing a ring. A plain gold one looks best on a man's finger. Have one with a stone if you like, but not unless the stone is a handsome one.

L. C. (Skipton).—Have the buttons on the continuations of your riding breeches placed at the side instead of down the front of your leg.

READER (Ramsgate).—The best travelling cases are the flat cases made of brown or black leather; they are very handy for carrying.

RACING SELECTIONS.

By "The Old Hand."

HAYDOCK PARK, Monday.
Garswood Handicap Hurdle Race: ANGEL'S PATH.
Makerfield Handicap Steeplechase: CLONDALKIN.

PLUMPTON, Monday.
Ovingdean Handicap Steeplechase: ZINGARELLA.
Sussex Handicap Hurdle Race: BATH.
Punch Bowl Selling Handicap Hurdle Race: SCOTCH HORN.
Stayer's Selling Handicap Steeplechase: THE DUSTMAN.

HAYDOCK PARK, Tuesday.
Haydock Park Handicap Steeplechase: STAG'S HEAD.
Newton Handicap Hurdle Race: CLIMAX.
Saturday Selling Handicap Hurdle Race: PORT MEADOW.
St. Helen's Handicap Steeplechase: BOROUGH MARSH.

FOLKESTONE, Wednesday.
Novices' Steeplechase: CHATEAU VERT.
Three-Year-Old Selling Hurdle Race: TURNOVER.

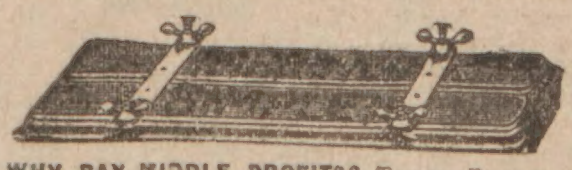
DERBY, Wednesday.
Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase: KYA LAMI.

FOLKESTONE, Thursday.
Juvenile Hurdle Race: WHISPERING CAPTAIN.
Otterpool Steeplechase: PORTON FIR'S.
Beginner's Hurdle Race: DILWYN.

DERBY, Thursday.
Osmaston Handicap Hurdle Race: NEWGRANGE.

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

Your Christmas Gift THIS YEAR SHOULD BE A SPECIAL HANDSOMELY PLATED TROUSER PRESS



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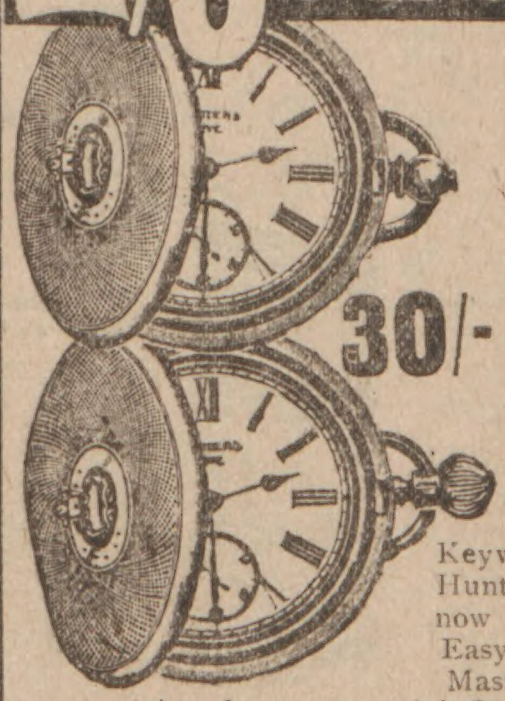

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Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

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Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1704.

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25/- GENT.'S £5 Double-breasted Winter OVERCOAT, 40in. breast; superior quality heavy dark-grey frieze with tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs; made for motorist by West-End tailors; never worn. Approval.

10/6 Gent.'s 18ct. gold-cased keyless lever watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), 10 years' warranty, absolutely perfect timekeeper; also double curb albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, great bargain, 10s. 6d. Approval

29/6 (Original price £5 15s.) Valuable double-barrelled breech-loader gun, top lever, 12 bore, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; new condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £9 9s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

10/6 ORGAN TONE MELODEON; magnificent 37s. 6d. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords, rich, powerful tone, in perfect order; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; approval.

4/9 Knitted CARDIGAN JACKET; (Worth 15s.).—Gent.'s Well-made reliable quality; unworn; approval.

21/- (Worth £4 4s.).—GENT.'S Solid Silver Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable main spring, timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' written warranty; also Gent.'s Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached; bargain, 21s.; approval.

DAVIS & CO., (Dept. 4) Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For increase of height, see Professor Prowse's announcement on page 1704.

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For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1711.

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Dated, December 21, 1912.

.....Cut here.....

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I never dreamed when I made this Shaving Set Offer that it would meet with such an enthusiastic response. Evidently my readers are out to help me, and incidentally to help themselves to a complete Shaving Set FREE OF COST.

If you will only give the copies of "Modern Man" to the right people, I am satisfied we shall quickly have a permanent 500,000 readers, and how proud you and I will be when every newsagent is interested in the paper and exhibits our bill outside his shop.

REMEMBER, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon on this page. Send the six coupons to me, together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set, and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper, and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **absolutely free of charge.**

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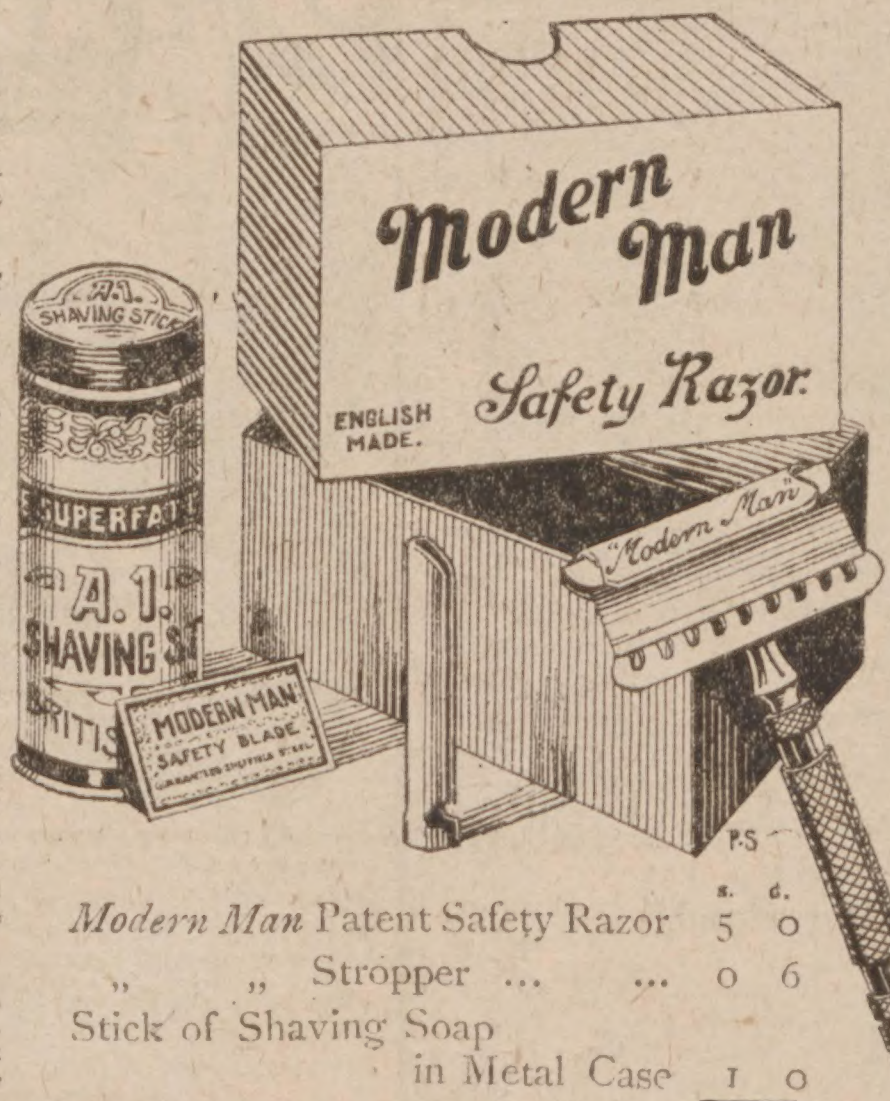

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